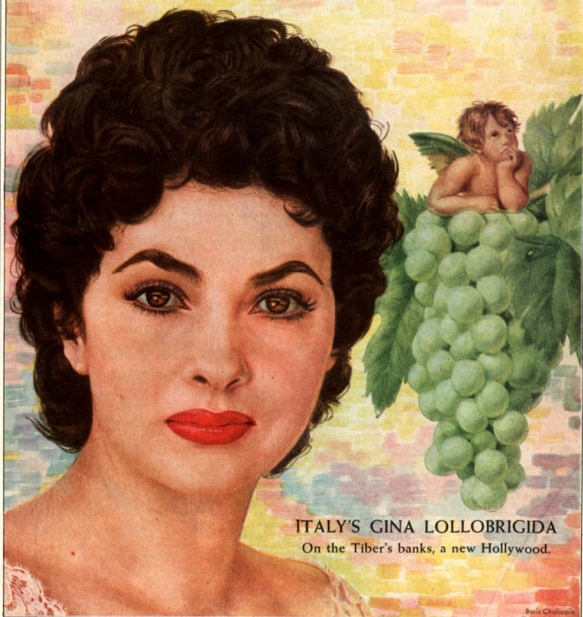


TWENTY CENTS

AUGUST 16, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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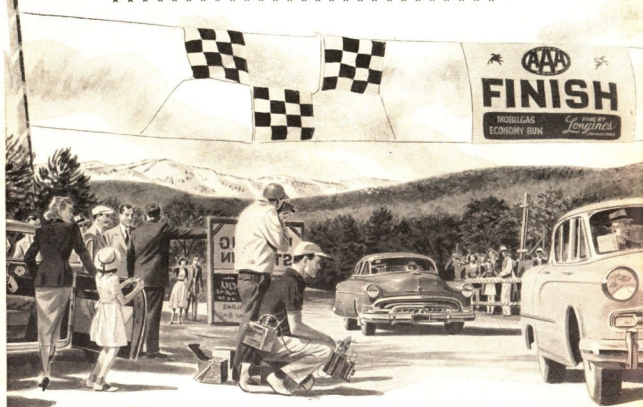
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LETTERS

The Story of Willie

Sir:

Enjoyed the story [July 26] of Willie Mays—light, sparkling, with just a dash of Durocher to make it zing home.

JANE DOWNEY

Wooster, Ohio

Sir:

Frank Forbes says: "I was worried to death about the kind of people [Mays] might get mixed up with. He'd have to live in Harlem, and believe me, that can be a bad place..." Why does the pride of New York have to live in Harlem? We who are about to be Supreme Court-martialed expect Yankees to show us the way (we don't even say d--- Yankees any more). Suspect our Northern friends have too many irons in the fire, none of which are hot.

FRED CRUIKSHANK

Selma, Ala.

Sir:

... When the Giants visited Okinawa last November for three days and two games with G.I. teams, they came as guests of the American Chamber of Commerce and with Army permission. The ballplayers were split up in the private homes of the various business people, two and three per home. We found them all to be regular fellows, courteous, well-behaved and quite friendly.

No one familiar with current major-league baseball, especially a Giant fan, would have recognized the team the Giants fielded in the late innings of the second game on Armistice Day. The score had reached high figures, as in the first game, so the Giants began rotating positions against the Army and Air Force team, which were Far East service champs last year, incidentally, and quite good by service standards. In the final inning, the team included Leo Durocher at short and Freddie Fitzsimmons pitching (no runs were scored). This brought real nostalgia to the older spectators present and a rousing ovation for the two good sports who could easily have gotten conked by a batted ball from the husky Army batters...

H. C. COLEMAN

Tokyo, Japan

Flanders' Fields

Sir:

What a pleasant surprise you gave all of us over here by 1) resuming publication of

your series on "Europe's Provinces," and 2) dedicating one [July 26] to Flanders...

RALPH MAYER

Brussels

Sir:

... Let's have many more...

JOHN J. PASSANISI

Boston

Sir:

A native Flemish and faithful reader... warmly congratulates you on your most interesting article about Flanders. It was both instructive and in excellent taste. A special tribute goes to Monsieur Pierre Boulat, Tim's photographer, for his magnificent work...

J. L. GOETHALS

Jerusalem

Sir:

Tim errs in stating that "Mademoiselle" from Armentières was an invention... The little French girl who slapped a general's face and thus inspired the famous war song was as virtuous as she was pretty. She was employed at a café early in World War I when Armentières was a resting place for troops... Entertainment was organized by a London music-hall actor, "Red" Rowland, and the Canadian songwriter Lieut. Gitz-Rice...

When a Canadian general, attracted by the café waitress, attempted against advice to kiss her, she slapped his face in front of his staff. The story quickly spread, and the two authors thought it would make a bit in their show. They took the music of the familiar French folk song *Mademoiselle de Bar-le-Duc* and added new words starting: "The general's in an awful fix." A warning that the general was not the only one who would be in a fix if their version was sung decided them to make the unmissable *mademoiselle* the heroine. The song immediately caught on and soon millions of men were marching to the tune. What has become of her is not known...

HUGO R. KNIGHT

Washington, D.C.

Reader Knight's version is supported by a New York *Times* war correspondent who, in December 1939, interviewed "the original *Mademoiselle* in

◆ Among his wartime hits were *Keep Your Head Down*, *Fritzie Boy* and *Dear Old Pal of Mine*.

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August 16, 1954

Volume LXIV
Number 7

TIME, AUGUST 16, 1954

A Sensible Plan for Busy Men and Women who "can't find time to read books"

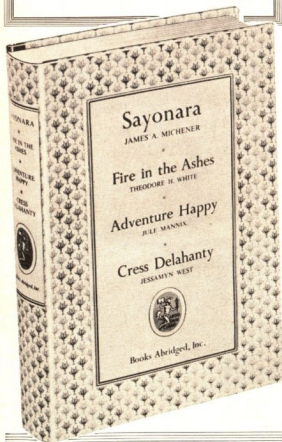
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DR. GEORGE GALLUP recently revealed in his polls that an astonishingly high percentage

of university graduates no longer reads books. The reason is obvious: just because of their educational advantages, they usually occupy positions where they are busy, busy, busy always! As a result, many of them feel they are stagnating intellectually by missing the stimulation and broadening of interest one can get only from books. **BOOKS ABRIDGED** is a sensible service directed straight at the cause of the problem: *time*. Only noteworthy current books are selected, and they are shortened, never rewritten, by a staff of editors who have had more than fifteen years' experience in this field.

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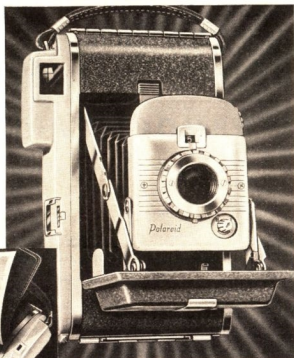
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a village far from her native Armentières." Then a grandmother (age 50) with lungs damaged by German gas, she was willing and able to sing about herself to the nostalgic *Timesman*. The municipal authorities of Armentières, however, now claim that the song was written about the anonymous *mesdemoiselles* of easy virtue who first welcomed British Tommies there in 1915. —Ed.

Brimful & McGinful

Sir: After reading Phyllis McGinley's poems in *TIME* [July 19]: Be they holy or tainted/ They're all of them sainted.

*It isn't often one laughs
At kagigraphs,
But suddenly here's a page brimful
Of vignettes that are punny,
Delightful and janny—
And neither prosaic nor sinful.
They're nothing so much
As the exactly right touch—
And obviously Phyllis McGinful.*

E. J. DALY

Midland, Mich.

According to Graves

Sir: I was shocked and hurt that you would dare print such an absurd article as the review of that horrible book [*The Nazarene Gospel Restored*] by Robert Graves and Joshua Podro...

MRS. V. M. LEWIS

Nashville, Tenn.

Sir: ... As a Christian, I strenuously object to the heretical utterances of Novelist Graves. His opinions regarding Our Blessed Lord are highly blasphemous. To speculate on the Crucifixion as a falsehood is to tear down Christianity...

OLIVE HOWLAND ARMSTRONG

Philadelphia

Sir: Why should Mr. Graves be a crank for teaching what we Muslims have taught for years—namely, that the Prophet Isa ("Jesus")... did not die on the cross—and that the "New Testament" is... a blasphemous book? I'd rather believe Mr. Graves than believe the purple-wattled bishops... Christianity is not a harmless fairy tale. It is a dark superstition... I prefer Mr. Graves to Pope Pius XII and Billy Graham...

ANTHONY CURTIS

Casablanca, Morocco

Sir: ... In view of Mr. Graves's past achievements, I hardly think it is proper or fitting to palm him off with: "But when a crank has the reputation and writing ability of Novelist Graves..." Past personal contact with Robert Graves assures me that this... study will eventually come to revolutionize theological thought, which no amount of undermining on your part will repress.

CHARLES F. CORBETT

New York City

Sir: Thanks for your review of the book. If you'd taken those authors and their "work" seriously, I think I'd have buried all my copies of *TIME* sadly and crossed you off the list. But you came through beautifully in your very decorous but witty debunking of the whole nonsensical thing.

DOROTHY M. FARRELL

Washington, D.C.

Snap, Crackle, Mom!

Sir:

It is too bad that some mothers of teenagers do not get up to get breakfasts for their children (TIME, July 19); but why blame mother entirely? A teen-ager should begin to take on some responsibility of adulthood. He or she . . . has as much time as anyone else—exactly 24 hours a day . . . My nine-year-old can already cook an egg (boiled or fried), make a piece of toast, squeeze an orange and pour a glass of milk!

VERONICA HENNING

Flagstaff, Ariz.

Sir:

What is the matter with these students? . . . If I did not get up for mine (a college grad), he would not eat until noon. Why blame Momism and not world tension or commercialism? . . .

EMILY JEAN JOHNSON

Cincinnati

Sir:

. . . Let those teen-age monsters get Mom's breakfast . . . as well as their own . . . before taking off . . .

M. MORISON

Peekskill, N.Y.

Poet's Protest

Sir:

As Editor of *Poetry* and an officer of the Modern Poetry Association, I want to protest against the article which appeared in TIME, July 12. Your note, under *PEOPLE*, purporting to be a news item about the resignation of Mrs. Borden Stevenson from the board of *Poetry*, contained this statement: ". . . *Poetry* magazine, the flat-broke association's outlet for its members' rhymes . . ."

Poetry has published more than 4,000 different poets since 1912; the total number of board members during these years has not yet added up to 50. Of these 50, only about six, who were recognized poets, have ever had their poems printed in this magazine. Two of these poets were Pulitzer Prizewinners . . .

KARL SHAPIRO

Chicago

Theological Thoughts (Contd.)

Sir:

Concerning those letters [July 26] commenting on Jane Russell: Perhaps Miss Russell's views on religion were a bit unorthodox, but I find nothing in them to warrant so sharp a rebuke . . .

DAVID MILLS

Chicago

Sir:

. . . If Jane Russell thinks that God is "a Livin' Doll," she is one step higher than those people who never get to know God.

ALBERT C. ROTOLA

Denver

Sir:

Re the stir over La Russell's comment: No observer of life will be disturbed, for it is a simple truism to even half-dead observers that most girls who are trying to be "sharp" are notably similarly wearisome in limiting expression to a repetition of current pat phrases . . . It would have been thoroughly in keeping if Jane had prefaced her predication with "Let's face it." It's surprising that a modern girl would omit that devastating, penetrating philosophy. Also, a modern girl could have well been expected to comment: "He's a Smart Cookie . . ."

BOB GALFIN

Washington, D.C.

TIME, AUGUST 16, 1954

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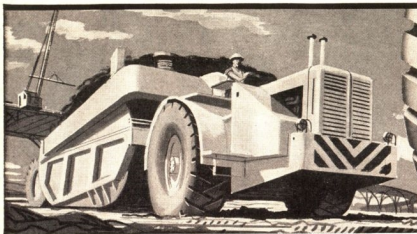
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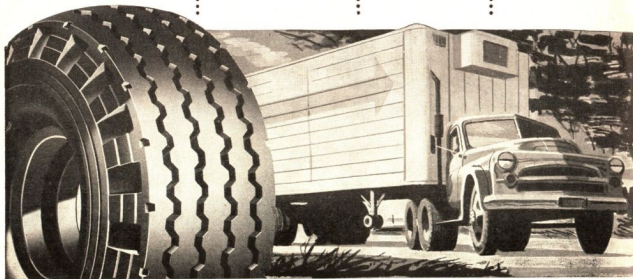


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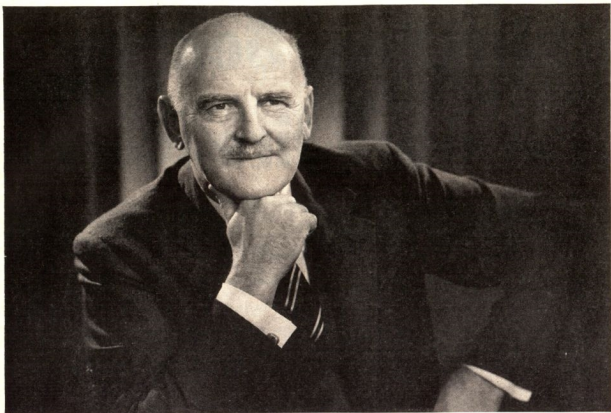


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KARSH, OTTAWA

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by **WILLIAM BALDERSTON**, President, Philco Corporation

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"His second look should be ahead. It should be in the light of his present ambitions for his family, and his increasing ability to provide more for their future as well as a more satisfying retire-

ment for himself. This is a time to ask himself whether he can still be content with his life insurance program as it is.

"He should look at another important thing. Life insurance today has special value in safeguarding the estate he wishes to leave to his dependents. Adequate life insurance can provide ready cash for payment of death taxes. Without it, his heirs may be forced to sacrifice important assets and suffer an unlooked-for depreciation of their inheritance."

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INDEX

Cover Story..... 54

Outdoor Art in Washington..... 68

Art..... 68 Milestones..... 94

Books..... 96 Miscellany..... 104

Business..... 84 Music..... 49

Cinema..... 54 National Affairs 13

Education..... 79 People..... 32

Foreign News..... 21 Press..... 74

Hemisphere..... 29 Radio & TV..... 65

Letters..... 4 Religion..... 43

Medicine..... 40 Sport..... 37

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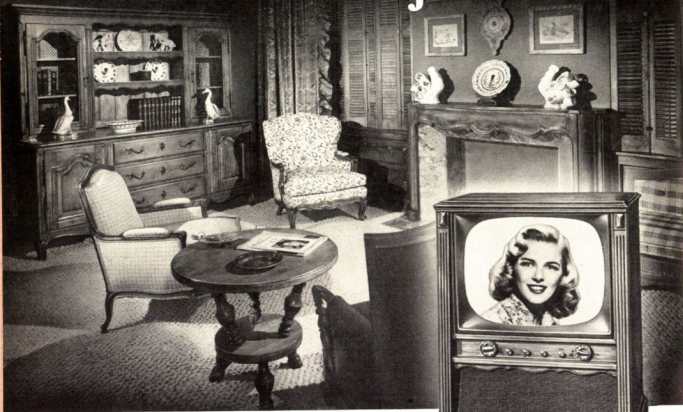
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Life with Father

The head of an average American household is beset, from breakfast to bedtime, by a multitude of problems. He is expected to cope with everything from mortgages and merit badges to carburetors and kittens. The President of the U.S., as head of a family of 162 million and a leading figure in the neighborhood of nations, has similar headaches, multiplied a millionfold. Last week, at a lengthy clean-up press conference before he leaves for a Denver vacation, President Eisenhower let the White House reporters in on a few of the staggering problems that currently preoccupy him.

Good Partner. There were some complaints, for example, that the U.S. was throwing its weight around too blatantly. The President seemed to think that the U.S. ought to talk less about its "leadership" (a word dear to Harry Truman), while leading more effectively. "I think we should talk less about American leadership in the world," he said, "because we are trying to be a good partner . . . We want to do what is right, what is just and what is decent and try to get [other nations] going along because they believe in the same things . . . A platoon leader doesn't get his platoon to go [with him] by getting up and shouting and saying 'I am smarter; I am bigger; I am stronger; I am the leader.' He gets men to go along with him because they want to do it for him and they believe in him."

Then there was the problem of the bad neighbor. The President said that the people of the U.S. violently disapprove of the government of China, and are not going to accept that government under present conditions in any organization where the U.S. has any say. He added, however, that he could not predict conditions in China five years from now; he would be a little off his rocker if he tried. So he was not going to try. He was always ready to see whether the sinner reformed and was ready to come into the fold, the President concluded.

Tough Neighbors. Last winter the President proposed an international pool of atomic information and material intended for peacetime uses. But a tough neighbor from across the Iron Tracks had bluntly rejected his offer. Said the President: "The proposal as placed before the Soviets was not favorably received . . . One of the purposes I think we should attempt

to achieve is to . . . make certain that . . . the world knows there is some useful purpose to which this new science can be devoted rather than mere destruction . . . I should like to make every nation in the world know that there is the possibility,

said Ike, "to me has typified all that we call—that we look for—in what we call an American patriot . . . I think it is a sorry reward, at the end of at least 50 years of service to this country, to say that he is not a loyal, fine American, and



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER & DELEGATE FARRINGTON
From carburetors to kittens, from Hungary to Hawaii.

the potentiality here, for a great increase in their standards of living . . . Therefore, I don't propose to be defeated in this merely because the Soviets won't go along."

Troublemaker. In the President's own family there was a troublemaker, who had precipitated a first-class family row. Ike Eisenhower was going to let the kids work the problem out themselves—up to a point. The Republican Party, said the President, is bound to be affected by the kind of controversy that is going on in the Senate over the censure of Joe McCarthy. That controversy is the Senate's own business, he added, but anything that tended to divide the party is something that must concern him, as the party's chief. And he would take whatever measures are available to avoid and ameliorate such a division.

For the second time, McCarthy had insulted an old associate of the President's, and Ike was angry and dismayed (see below). General George Marshall,

that he served only in order to advance his own personal ambitions."

Last week the President had appointments with two distinguished ladies:

¶ Mrs. Joseph Farrington, widow of the Hawaiian Delegate to Congress, called at the White House (see cut) after being sworn in by Speaker Joseph Martin to succeed her husband.

¶ Mrs. Gisella Kapus, the gallant Hungarian refugee who lost her left foot in a land-mine explosion as she was escaping through the Iron Curtain (TIME, Aug. 9), stopped over in Washington with her family to meet the President, on her way to a new home in Texas. "I am delighted to welcome you to this country," Ike told Mrs. Kapus. "I hope you grow to love this country, and I hope you like Texas particularly, because I was born there." He was especially pleased to learn that the Kapus family had been helped by private organizations in its flight to freedom. "We don't believe in governments' doing it all," he said, a bit wistfully.

THE CONGRESS

Condemnation Proceedings

The power and reputation of a demagogic rise and fall in inverse ratio to the courage and determination of other men. Last week Joe McCarthy's reputation, perched precariously on a bale of old newspaper clippings and the timidity of his Senate colleagues, began to bobble slightly.

When the Senate met for its third day of debate on Ralph Flanders' motion to censure* McCarthy, Joe's enemies were well aware that a move was afoot to send the motion to committee. Arkansas' Democratic J. William Fulbright had tried to buttress Flanders' generalized motion with a specific six-count amendment, which included the old charge that Joe had shaken down Lustron Corp. to collect a \$10,000

to the intimidation . . . that we are a body of intimidated men." Knowland reminded Monroney that the Democratic Party had never censured McCarthy, though it controlled the Senate, when McCarthy was "very powerful." Said Knowland: "... Now that perhaps he has been a little crippled, it can do what it was not willing to do then." Shot back Monroney: "... If he is crippled, he has crippled himself before the country by his own exposure of McCarthyism on the television sets of the nation."

Knowland, insisting on a committee consideration of the motion, said: "I would not censure a criminal, even had I seen a criminal act committed, without at least giving the person his day in court."

Idaho's Republican Herman Welker, one of Joe's most loyal pals, agreed with Liberals Monroney and Fulbright that a

tered in the *Congressional Record* a letter written by Harry Woodring, President Roosevelt's ineffective Secretary of War from 1936 to 1940 (whom F.D.R. sent packing to make room for Henry L. Stimson). Democrat Woodring's letter, dated June 23, 1954 and addressed to New York Businessman Robert Harris, accused George C. Marshall of selling out Nationalist China under orders from the Truman Administration, and added: "I can tell you that he would sell out his grandmother for personal advantage."

Indiana's Homer Capehart did not want the Senate to vote on McCarthy. "What we ought to do is forget him," said Homer.

Golden Rule. Most of the debate came from the right and left fringes of the parties. The central bulk of the Senate was not committed until Georgia's Walter George and Arkansas' John McClellan decided to support Knowland's amendment for a bipartisan committee. Said McClellan: "I do not want to do unto one of my colleagues what I would not want him to do unto me under the same circumstances . . . I do not want it ever to be said of me . . . that I am a coward . . . I believe in the presumption of innocence until one is proven guilty. I believe the accused, whoever he may be, whether a U.S. Senator or a professional bum, has a right to be heard."

New York's Republican Irving Ives successfully proposed an amendment directing the committee to report back to the Senate before final adjournment. Another amendment gave the committee subpoena power.

The roll was called, and Knowland's motion carried, 75 to 12. Three days later Vice President Nixon appointed a committee of three Republicans and three Democrats (see below). It would be the sixth committee investigation of Investigator McCarthy during his eight years in the Senate. As far as Joe was concerned, the committee and its witnesses had been duly warned. Trumpeted Joe, at one point in the debate: "... If I am given the right to cross-examine . . . the Senators who have made the charges will either indict themselves for perjury or will prove what consummate liars they are . . ."

Selective Service

After the Senate voted to send the Flanders resolution to a special bipartisan committee, South Dakota's Karl Mundt spoke for himself and the other Senators who sat through the bitter Army-McCarthy hearings last spring. "They can't take us," said Mundt. "We were drafted for the last war."

No one wanted to be drafted for the new battle. Democratic Senators began ducking into hiding places whenever Minority Leader Lyndon Johnson came into sight. Majority Leader William Knowland found he had almost no names left after he crossed off those of G.O.P. Senators who are openly for or against McCarthy. Knowland and Johnson hoped to get Colorado's Eugene Millikin and Georgia's



VICE PRESIDENT NIXON & SELECT COMMITTEE*
For the new battle, fresh draftees.

fee for writing a housing booklet. Republican Leader William Knowland moved to refer the censure motion to a select committee of three Republicans and three Democrats.

The Cripple. Oklahoma's Mike Monroney was the first to object, protested that Knowland's plan "would amount to indefinite postponement, putting it on ice and avoiding meeting the issue head on." Answered Knowland: "I do not subscribe

censure vote should be taken quickly, but Welker's vote would be for Joe. Said Welker: "... I am going to stand up and hit a lick for America." Welker could see no profit in restraining Joe's methods, "under a nice-nice code of ethics." Welker was especially incensed at Flanders' charge that McCarthy had contempt for his fellow men. Roared Welker: "No one can tell me that Irishman would not give the shirt off his back to anyone who needed it—except a dirty, lying, stinking Communist." His conclusion: "I am not going to censure . . . a Senator who is carrying the ball alone in a crusade to save America, if he may have said something in an ill-tempered vein."

At that well-chosen moment, McCarthy rose and gave his fellow Senators a sample of his ill-tempered vein. He en-

* The last U.S. Senator to be censured was Republican Hiram Bingham of Connecticut. In 1929 he hired Charles L. Eyanson, an officer of the Manufacturers Association of Connecticut, as a Senate clerk and admitted him to executive sessions of the Senate Finance Committee, which was then considering the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill. Eyanson, of course, was representing men with an interest in high tariffs. A Judiciary subcommittee reported the matter to the full Senate, and Nebraska's George Norris made a motion of censure. After an amendment striking out any imputation of corrupt motives, the motion passed, 54-22.

* From left, seated: Senator Watkins, Nixon, Senator Johnson. Standing: Senators Case, Carlson, Stennis and Ervin.

Walter George, among the most respected men in the Senate, to serve. Both begged off. Knowland finally named Utah's Arthur Watkins, Kansas' Frank Carlson and South Dakota's Francis Case. Johnson named Colorado's Edwin Johnson, Mississippi's John Stennis and North Carolina's Samuel J. Ervin Jr.

Except for Case, every member is from an area where McCarthy is not the burning issue he is in the East and upper Midwest. All of the Senators are able and singularly individualistic. Stennis and Ervin have both had experience as judges.*

As the committee met to organize last week, Joe McCarthy tried to take the offensive by asking to attend their meetings. He was rebuffed. The committee selected Watkins, the senior Republican, chairman, and decided to bar TV, radio and photographers from its hearings. Watkins snorted, "Certainly not," when asked if the committee might delay a report until after the November elections. But he said that the committee would not begin hearings until after the Senate had acted on remaining "must" legislation.

Evidently, this meant that Knowland can recess the Senate when its work is done. The committee will stay in Washington to study the Flanders motion and sift charges against McCarthy. When the committee is ready to report, the Senate can be called back to Washington to vote on the conduct of the junior Senator from Wisconsin.

What Price Aid?

For 14 years the U.S. has been subsidizing other countries at prodigious rates by lend-lease, foreign aid, loans, etc. By best available estimates, the total from 1940 to 1954 is about \$95 billion. Today most Americans agree that such expenditures are good policy, if the money is spent wisely and carefully. Such an American is Louisiana's youthful (35) Senator Russell Long. But when the Foreign Aid authorization bill reached the Senate floor last week, Democrat Long was the bill's chief opponent.

Long started his campaign two years ago against what he believed to be excessive foreign aid. At that time he offered a series of amendments to see how much he could cut from the bill—first \$2 billion, then \$1.5 billion, then \$1 billion, then \$500 million. Each in turn was voted

* Ervin, appointed only last June to fill the vacancy left by the death of Clyde Hoey, is a graduate of Harvard Law School, but does not know many other graduates because he went through the famed school "backwards." Ervin explained that he was admitted to the North Carolina bar before he decided to go to Harvard. He was in love with a North Carolina girl named Margaret Bell and was afraid a long absence might ruin his romance, so he elected to take only the third-year course. He finished the course, found that Margaret was still true, and began the second-year course. Another check with his sweetheart gave him courage to take the first year. "My classmates were moving up as I was moving down," said Ervin. "I didn't get to know 'em too well." After completing, in his third year, the first year of Harvard Law School, he married Margaret Bell.



SENATOR LONG

He couldn't get all, could get half.

down until the Senate finally accepted a \$200-million cut. Last year, when Long's move for a \$500-million slash was defeated, he gave up, until last week, when he argued for several hours on the Senate floor in favor of paring down the Administration request in fiscal 1955. Among Long's points:

¶ Waste in domestic spending comes to Congressmen's attention sooner and more surely than waste in foreign spending.

¶ The bill calls for \$800 million for "a war that is no longer being waged" in Indo-China, although \$450 million worth of equipment is "stacked on the docks" and another \$600 million is already in the Indo-China pipeline.



EX-SENATOR BREWSTER

She wouldn't say yes, wouldn't say no.

¶ Long realized that the new money for Indo-China might not be spent there, but be transferred to other areas. Said he: the other areas will have enough money without it.

¶ As of June 30, the Foreign Operations Administration had \$9.7 billion of unspent money on hand. Since FOA has never spent at a rate faster than \$5 billion a year, it has enough to last almost two years, even if no new money is appropriated.

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee had already cut almost \$350 million off President Eisenhower's \$3.5 billion request. Long wanted to shave it another billion, but on that he was voted down 48 to 38. Promptly, he tried for a half-a-billion cut, and this time he won, 45 to 41.

However, the House of Representatives had approved a larger amount. In negotiating between the two Houses, the conferees split the difference, resulting in an authorization of \$3,054,568,000. From Russell Long's point of view, this was still too big a piece of change, but Congress would have another crack at it when the appropriation is finally voted.

Busy on other fronts last week, the House:

¶ Approved a Senate-passed bill which would require restaurant menus to label imported trout with the name of the country of origin. (These days most come from Denmark and Canada.) Violators would face penalties up to three years in jail and a \$10,000 fine. Idaho's Republican Congressman Hamer H. Budge argued that, without such a law, the nation's 325 trout farms might go broke. New York Democrat Emanuel Celler disagreed. He declared that the purpose of the bill was to help "one Senator riding in on the tail of a fish so that he can get re-elected." The Senator: Idaho's silver-thatched Republican Henry Dworshak, who coaxed the bill through the Senate.

¶ Passed, 293 to 55, a bill to force Fifth Amendment witnesses to testify, by allowing Federal judges to grant them immunity from prosecution based on their testimony.

Job Wanted

Maine's Senator Margaret Chase Smith usually wears a yellow tea rose on her shoulder. Like the Senator, the rose is handsome but it has long, sharp thorns, and many a rueful politico sees a symbol in that fact, too. Political opponents of Senator Smith have been known to get scratched.

One politico who has had some experience with the Smith thorns is Maine's own Republican Owen Brewster, who was defeated for re-election in the 1952 senatorial primary (by Frederick G. Payne). Since then, Lawyer Brewster has been pestering the Eisenhower Administration for a job. First he wanted to be Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations, then a member of the Maritime Commission, a Pentagon official, a Commerce Department officer, a Tariff Com-

mission member. In short, anything. The Administration was chary about Owen Brewster, especially because of his old contacts with Influence Peddler Henry ("The Dutchman") Grunewald.

Not wanting to turn down a former Senator, Administration job dispensers in each case asked Senator Smith if she would object to his appointment. She said that she would not. Then the Administration men would ask her if she would take "responsibility" by recommending Brewster. No, she would not do that, either. That finally killed Brewster's hopes for a job in the Executive Branch.

Entered. Brewster turned to Congress, and his old friend Senator Joe McCarthy came through. McCarthy offered him a job as counsel for McCarthy's full Gov-

ernment Operations Committee. Margaret Smith, distinctly no friend of McCarthy, is a member of the committee. Last month she pointedly absented herself from a committee meeting called to consider Brewster's appointment. The other members talked it all over and decided they needed more time to think about it.

Last week McCarthy called the committee into a second executive session. Again, nothing came of it. Said Joe: "We decided to poll the committee." Next day the committee was polled on Brewster's appointment. Republican Karl Mundt, the first member approached, said he would approve Brewster—if Mrs. Smith and three Democrats on the committee also approved. Senator Smith was approached next. Again she refused to take responsi-

bility for Brewster or to give him her unqualified backing.

She would, she said pleasantly, put in writing her willingness to sign an approval of Brewster—but, of course, only if all the other Republicans on the committee and three Democrats would sign.

Scratched. That put Illinois' Ev Dirksen and Idaho's Henry Dworshak on the defensive. Asked to sign, they declined, saying there was no sign they would ever get the three Democratic signatures that Mrs. Smith had demanded. At about this time, Dirksen got word from the White House that no one there would be disappointed if Brewster did not get the job.

Republican John Marshall Butler of Maryland signed without stipulation. Then Brewster called on Dirksen, raged at him

THE NEW TAX LAW

Many Benefit—and Many Don't

READY for the President's signature this week was the bill that he had called his program's "cornerstone": a painstaking rewriting of the Internal Revenue Code. New York Republican Daniel Reed, who as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee had more to do with the making of the bill than any other man in Washington, proudly declared that it was "the first overall revision of our tax laws which has ever been undertaken."

Technically, the detail job is an impressive effort to correct specific inequities, but in broad outline, the bill does not change the tax structure enacted by the New and Fair Deals. In its 929 pages the bill provides relief for millions of taxpayers in hundreds of special categories: e.g., certain working mothers, Christmas-tree growers, retired taxpayers, 65 and over, and recipients of income from stock dividends. Although most taxpayers will not get a nickel of relief from it this year, the groups that will are so numerous and varied that tax consultants should do a thriving business between now and April 15, the new T-day.

SPECIAL CATEGORIES

The new law leaves individual income-tax rates untouched, but for many taxpayers in certain big and little categories it eases the income-tax sting a bit. Among the beneficiaries:

RETIRED WORKERS, 65 and over, get a brand-new tax credit amounting to 20% of their taxable income up to \$1,200. If the retired taxpayer's wife is 65 or over, she also gets the 20% credit on \$1,200 of her own income (or, in community-property states, on the next \$1,200 of joint income). Those younger than 65 who are retired under local, state and federal pension plans also get this credit, but only on their pension incomes. In computing the credit, the taxpayer must subtract from the \$1,200 base his social-security payments and certain other tax-free income, plus, if he is less than 75, his earned income in excess of \$900. Thus no retired person with social-security income can get the maximum credit of \$240, and those with substantial tax-free or earned income may find no easement at all.

ANNUITANTS are likely to benefit from a new rule for computing tax exemption on annuities bought by themselves. That portion of the yearly payment equal to the annuity's total cost, divided by the number of years of actuarial life expectancy at the time payments begin, will be permanently tax-free. Under the old rule, the yearly payment was taxable up to 3%

of the total cost, and when the annuitant had recovered the cost tax-free, the entire payment became taxable. Persons already receiving annuity payments may convert to the new formula, but in computing the exemption, they will have to deduct from the original cost the amount already recovered tax-free. Another change helps the taxpayer who receives a lump-sum payment under an annuity contract: he can compute his tax as if the sum had been paid in three equal installments in that year and the two preceding years. This same privilege will apply to taxable lump-sum payments under endowment or life-insurance contracts.

WORKING MOTHERS, widowers and divorced or separated fathers whose children live with them may deduct the cost of paying somebody to look after children less than twelve years old during working hours. Maximum annual deduction: \$600, regardless of the number of children. For working wives living with their husbands, this maximum is reduced by any combined income exceeding \$4,500, i.e., couples making \$5,100 or more between them get no deduction at all. For widowed, divorced or separated mothers, no income limitation applies.

WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS with dependents will have, for two years after the death of the spouse, the privilege of splitting their incomes in figuring their tax.

STOCKHOLDERS, some 7,000,000 of them, get a generous break. The first \$50 of dividend income is entirely tax-free, and 4% of all remaining dividends may be subtracted from the stockholder's income tax. This change will mean a lot of additional income for many in the top income brackets and may have the intended effect of stimulating stock ownership by middle-income groups. The dividend credit is based on the contention that a tax on dividend income, coming on top of the 52% tax on corporate profits, constitutes double taxation. The Reed bill retroactively cancels last April's 5% drop in corporate-tax rates, substituting the 4% dividend credit.

SALESMEN who do their selling outside the employer's place of business may deduct from taxable income the expenses they incur in making or seeking sales—and they can do so even if they take the standard deduction on their tax returns.

CLERGYMEN who receive a cash allowance for rental of living quarters may exclude from taxable income the part that actually goes for rent.

POLICEMEN may exclude subsistence allowances up to \$5 a day.

and recalled their old Senate friendship. Said Dirksen: "Oh, well, okay, I'll sign." He insisted, however, that his signature would not be valid unless three specified Democrats, John McClellan of Arkansas, Stuart Symington of Missouri and Henry Jackson of Washington, also signed. Charles Potter, Michigan Republican, signed with the stipulation that three Democrats—any three Democrats—would have to sign before his signature was valid.

At week's end the Democrats caucused and decided to stand unanimously against Brewster. Margaret Smith, without actually opposing Brewster and McCarthy, had quietly maneuvered her two old non-friends into a spot where Owen Brewster's appointment appeared unlikely.

ARMED FORCES

Tactical Error

On the day he retired as Assistant Secretary of Defense, Dr. John A. Hannah unveiled a new plan for a reorganized military-reserve force (TIME, Aug. 9). As Hannah described the plan, the Air Force and the Army Reserves would be merged, the National Guard federalized, and "all qualified young men" called up for military service. Some 3,000,000 veterans would be signed up in an active, ready reserve.

Any plan that close to universal military training and any plan that would upset the powerful reserve and National Guard lobbies is politically imprudent in an election year. Last week, 72 hours

after Hannah's announcement, Presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty summoned the press, announced that Hannah's story was premature. Neither the White House nor the National Security Council, he said, had approved the plan. There would be no decision on it until September, at the earliest.

The Pentagon was thrown into a tizzy by Hannah's announcement and Hagerty's demur. Attempting to muffle the drumfire of complaints and inquiries, Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson reassured the Army, the Air Force and the Organized Reserves that their separate identities would be preserved. But Wilson resolutely backed up his former assistant, pointed out the crying need for a realistic reserve program. In the event of war, he said, the

WRITERS AND ARTISTS may spread back over the work period (maximum: 36 months) income from productions that took 24 months or more; previously, the income could be spread back only if the work had been in progress 36 months or more.

INVENTORS, too, may now spread income from work that took up no more than 24 months. Furthermore, Congress stretched the maximum spread-back period on invention income from 36 months to 60. Professional inventors also benefit from extension of a rule that formerly applied only to amateurs: they may now count income from patent transfers as capital gains rather than regular income.

EXEMPTIONS & DEDUCTIONS

Millions of taxpayers outside these special categories will find a measure of relief in other liberalizations of rules on dependents and deductions. One change lifts a perennial summertime worry from parents of ambitious adolescents. Previously, the parent lost an exemption when a dependent child earned \$600 or more during the course of a year. Now, as long as he furnishes more than half the child's total support, a parent may continue to claim exemptions for children under 19 and older children who are full-time students, no matter how much they earn. And the dependent child can continue to enter himself as an exemption on his own return.

HEALTH & CHARITY. Taxpayers may deduct medical expenses in excess of 3% of gross income. The old figure was 5%. A new limitation imposed by the bill is that expenditures for medicines and drugs may be counted as medical expense only to the extent that they exceed 1% of gross income. The tax bill also raises the maximum medical deduction to \$2,500 per person and the maximum for any single tax return to \$10,000 for married taxpayers or heads of households and \$5,000 for single taxpayers or spouses filing separately. The old maximums were \$1,250 a person and \$5,000 or \$2,500 a return. Also raised is the old 20% limit on charitable contributions: they are now deductible up to 30% of gross income.

BUSINESS TAX CHANGES

Of the estimated \$1,363,000,000 that the new tax law's relief provisions will cost the Treasury during this fiscal year (next year and thereafter, the cost will run much higher), \$827 million is supposed to stay with individual taxpayers. Relief to business organizations accounts for most of the remaining loss. Among the more important breaks for business:

DEPRECIATION DEDUCTIONS. In deducting capital-facility costs against taxes, businessmen (including farmers) will have a choice between several write-off rates. Under the rules prevailing in recent years, deductions had to be spread more or less uniformly over the "useful life" of the facility. Under the new rules, the businessman can recover up to two-thirds of the cost tax-free during the first half of the "useful life."

For many businesses, such an arrangement will shorten the risk on and therefore encourage investments in new plant and equipment. The Administration regards faster write-offs as one of the "cornerstone" law's two great contributions to the nation's long-range economic growth, the other being the tax break for stockholders.

RESEARCH EXPENSES may now be deducted in the tax year in which they are incurred. Previously, such year-by-year deductions (instead of amortization over several years) were allowable only for research carried out under a permanent research or development program. Thus the change will benefit mostly small companies that lack capital or facilities for permanent programs.

BUSINESS LOSSES deductible against taxes may now be carried back through two tax years instead of only one.

DEPLETION-ALLOWANCE RATES on many minerals, including uranium, go up several percentage points. The top mine rate of 23%, formerly applied only to sulphur, will cover a wide range of minerals, from asbestos to zinc.

OTHER BENEFICIARIES

Provisions chipping away at income taxes on individuals and corporations make up only a small part of the new tax bill. The lawmakers rewrote and in some places tightened many provisions concerning gifts, trusts, partnerships and reorganized or liquidated corporations. They plugged a clutch of minor loopholes that some taxpayers had found profitable. They switched income-tax day from March 15 to April 15, thus giving the taxpayer an extra month to recover from Christmas expenses and sparing him the yearly ordeal of hearing and reading clichés about the ideo of March. They restored the rule prevailing before the early 1940s and exempted life insurance from estate taxes. This change is of no concern to those bequeathing or inheriting estates of less than \$60,000—the minimum estate-tax exemption—but for many heavily insured high-income earners it may be the most important provision of the entire law.

So vast is the bill that any taxpayer runs a risk of missing a break if he pessimistically assumes that nowhere in the text is there anything for him. Congress has searched hard and microscopically for injustices. Items:

¶ Legal expenses incurred in contesting a gift-tax assessment are now deductible from income, as are maintenance payments made to a wife under a private separation agreement.

¶ Business partnerships may now, under certain conditions, elect to be taxed as corporations.

¶ A taxpayer supporting a first cousin confined to an institution may now claim him or her as an exemption.

¶ A landowner who cuts evergreens more than six years old and sells them as Christmas trees may now count the profit as a capital gain instead of regular income.

U.S. reserves setup "would be a scandal, and very disturbing to the American people."

The present Selective Service Act expires June 30 of next year, Wilson noted, "so by January or February we will recommend new legislation to maintain our military establishment. We know perfectly well that we cannot maintain around 3,000,000 men in uniform by volunteers alone. With the situation we face in the world today, we must have some form of assured service by practically all of the physically qualified young men of the country."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Mess in Korea

In Washington, Secretary Dulles turned his harassed attention, momentarily, to the mess in Korea. In that forum country, the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission—composed, under the terms, of Swiss, Swedish, Polish and Czech members—is causing concern to the conscientious neutrals, more concern to the U.S. Aside from any real spying that they may manage incidentally, the Communist Poles and Czechs of the N.N.S.C. are gathering much useful information for their side merely by legal, above-board snooping around the docks and airfields of the designated towns in South Korea. But when it comes to inspecting Communist installations north of the truce line, the N.N.S.C. always runs into roadblocks, and the Reds manage to prevent the neutrals from learning anything of importance.

Obviously leaning more on U.S. intelligence reports than on N.N.S.C. returns, Foster Dulles confirmed last week that wholesale violations are going on north of the line. They are not massive enough, he added, to justify resuming the war. Dulles said that the N.N.S.C. was hamstrung, that the disguised Swiss and Swedes would like to pull out. He also revealed that exploratory talks had been held at Geneva on abolition of the N.N.S.C. (a move which would make the struggle for information a straight contest between the intelligence services of both sides). Since the present N.N.S.C. operations are a substantial net benefit to the Reds, they are most unlikely to agree to any proposals to abolish it.

Unexpected Thanks

Last year, when President Eisenhower offered food to the hungry citizens of East Germany, his offer was rebuffed by Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov as "provocative and insulting" and "bait for agents." Undismayed, the President repeated the offer last month, after the disastrous floods in Central Europe (TIME, July 26). Last week he got a surprising answer. In a formal note, handed to U.S. High Commissioner James Conant, East German Premier Otto Grotewohl not only accepted the offer but thanked the President. Bewildered East Germans were informed of the U.S.'s "friendly gesture" in the Communist press and radio.

INVESTIGATIONS

Q.E.D.

To prove the obvious is sometimes necessary and useful. For almost a year, a special House of Representatives Committee on Communist Aggression has been taking testimony in the U.S. and Europe from Iron Curtain escapees to document the fact that Communism is a world conspiracy and an intolerable way of life. This week the committee, headed by Milwaukee's Republican Charles J. Kersten, issued its second interim report. Items:

¶ In 1932-33, more than 6,000,000 Ukrainians perished in a man-made famine when their Communist masters piled their grain in churches and other buildings and allowed it to rot. After a 1933 tour of the Ukraine, carefully prearranged by the Communists, French Statesman Edouard Herriot reported that he saw no signs of it. (Said he: "When it is stated that the Ukraine is devastated by famine, permit me to shrug my shoulders.")

¶ In 1939, Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov forced a treaty of mutual assistance on the sovereign nation of Estonia, and said "the word of a Bolshevik is like steel. It is sacred." But before the treaty was signed, the Red Army had already printed maps showing Estonia as part of Russia.

¶ In 1944, on the pretext that some of them had collaborated with the Nazis, the 500,000 people, including local Communist Party members, of the Chechen-Ingush "Autonomous" Republic, just west of the Caspian Sea, were systematically trapped by NKVD troops and deported in cattle cars to Siberia.

To encourage escapes from the Iron Curtain and underground resistance to Communist domination, the Kersten committee recommended that:

1) President Eisenhower invite all free nations to a conference that would with-

draw diplomatic recognition of all Iron Curtain governments, terminate all commercial treaties with them and substitute stepped-up trade among themselves.

2) The intent of the 1951 Mutual Security Act provision to reimburse NATO countries that recruit escapees into their armies be carried out.

3) A political-asylum bill be enacted to help re-establish escapees in the free world.

4) "Coexistence" be labeled as a Communist myth.

POLITICAL NOTES

A Cop v. a Grip

During his three terms as Michigan's governor, Gerhard Mennen Williams has steadily tightened his grip on the state and its Democratic Party, despite his troubles with a Republican legislature and the opposition of old-line Democrats, who object to "Soapy" Williams' alliance with Walter Reuther's C.I.O. In last week's primary election, Soapy himself, unopposed for renomination, threw his strength behind Philip A. Hart, his candidate for lieutenant governor. Opposing Hart was onetime Democratic National Committeeman George S. Fitzgerald, attorney for Jimmy Hoffa's anti-Williams A.F.L. Teamsters' Union. By a more than 2-1 margin, Soapy Williams' Candidate Hart won. Williams' men also won hotly contested city-council and probate-judgeship races in Detroit.

In the Republican primary, four Republicans vied for the privilege of trying to stop the swelling tide of Governor Williams' popularity and power. The winner: Donald S. (for Sparling) Leonard, 51, a state trooper who rose to be state police commissioner, a post he resigned two years ago to run unsuccessfully for the Republican senatorial nomination. Years ago, Trooper Leonard escorted governors' cars and decided that even a policeman could be governor. When he broke his back in a motorcycle accident while chasing a speeder, he used his convalescence to attend law school. Known as an honest cop and a shrewd fighter, Don Leonard has made thousands of friends throughout Michigan, but few politicians are ready to bet that he can keep Soapy Williams from capturing a fourth term.

Ins Outshunted

Kansas politics is divided into three parts: the "ins," the "outs," and the Democrats. In last week's primary election, Kansas voters handed Republican "outs" a surprise victory over the Republican faction which has held power in the Statehouse at Topeka for 16 years.

The "ins" are led by Governor Edward F. Arn and two captains of Dwight Eisenhower's 1952 campaign, Senator Frank Carlson and National Committeeman Harry Darby. Arn openly and Carlson and Darby quietly backed Party stalwart George Templar, 49, as Arn's successor. But by a margin of 15,000 votes, Templar, onetime U.S. attorney and state senator, was overpowered by the winner: scrappy,



GOVERNOR WILLIAMS
Two to one.

jaunty Lieutenant Governor Frederick Lee Hall, 38.

Nominee Hall bounced into the political limelight four years ago by nosing out eight opponents in the race for lieutenant governor. In 1952 Governor Arn set out to purge Hall, ran a hand-picked candidate against him. Hall overrode the governor and won handily.

To prepare for this year's big fight, Fred Hall stirred up moribund elements of the Republican Old Guard, combined them with insurgent Young Republicans, and made himself the leader of a faction described by the *Wichita Beacon* as a "collection of defeated candidates, disgruntled public employees and power-hungry persons who have been shunted aside in past weeks, months or years." Most prominent of Hall's backers: Alfred M. Landon, who was shunted off onto a siding in the 1936 presidential election.

In his campaign, Hall loudly proclaimed his admiration for President Eisenhower, but he hammered hard at the deal which forced Eisenhower's Republican National Chairman Wesley Roberts, a protégé of Senator Carlson, to resign under fire (TIME, March 30, 1953 *et seq.*) in a scandal involving the sale of a tuberculosis hospital.

In the acrid smoke of the Republican factional feud, Kansas Democrats sniffed a heady perfume. As bait for rolled Republicans, they nominated Banker George Docking, 50, a middle-of-the-road Democrat, hoped they might elect a governor for the first time since 1936, when Walter A. Huxman rode in on Franklin Roosevelt's coattails.

Leases Renewed

Ever since the collapse of Estes Kefauver's 1952 bid for the presidential nomination, some political dopesters have been predicting that he might lose his seat in the Senate. Such predictions neatly fitted the plans of third-term Tennessee Congressman Pat Sutton of Lawrenceburg (pop. 5,500), who this year entered the lists against Kefauver in the Democratic primary.

Sutton, with boundless campaign funds, hopped around the state in a helicopter and harangued voters for as long as 27 hours at a stretch on radio talkathons. He accused Kefauver of befriending left-wing Northerners, supporting the Supreme Court segregation decision, and, worst of all, being an "internationalist." Unlike his 1948 coonskin-cap barn-storming, Kefauver's campaign was dignified; he soft-pedaled his internationalist and gang-busting lines, stressing what he had done for Tennessee. By campaign's end there was evidence that Pat Sutton had talked too much. During one talkathon, he had labeled a friend of Kefauver as a "known Communist." Later he apologized, but that did not stop Kefauver's friend from hitting him with a \$1,500,000 slander suit.

Meanwhile, the race for governor was even stormier. A more seasoned challenger than Sutton, former Governor Gordon



Associated Press

WINNER KEFAUVER WITH WIFE & SUPPORTERS
Too much talk.

Browning, was battling to avenge his 1952 defeat at the hands of Governor Frank Clement. Browning supporters charged Clement with accepting a Cadillac as a gift from trucking interests and with forging letters used to disprove other Browning attacks. But much of the political sheen had worn off Old Warhorse Browning, 64, whom Clement's forces berated for having "sold out the South" at the 1952 Democratic convention by voting to unseat the Virginia delegation. Clement, still the nation's youngest (34) governor, seemed to impress the voters with his oratorical spellbinding and the record of his first two years in office.

Last week Tennesseans voted. The lopsided results: for Senator—Kefauver, 389,000; Sutton, 165,000; for governor—Clement, 436,000; Browning, 177,000.

Only a few thousand voters bothered to cast ballots in the Tennessee Republican primary. As their senatorial nominee they picked Ray H. Jenkins, counsel in the Army-McCarthy investigation. Jenkins insisted that he was not a candidate, but he neglected to have his name removed from the ballot. This week, with Jenkins still insisting, the Republican state committee prepared to name a replacement.

THE ADMINISTRATION Caretaker for TVA

The White House this year screened some 50 candidates to replace Gordon Clapp as board chairman of TVA—and rejected them all as too controversial. President Eisenhower was hunting for a man to cool off the hot arguments over

TVA. Last week he appointed Brigadier General Herbert Davis Vogel of the Army Engineers, a man whose politics, if any, are his own secret.

Vogel has had little experience in the field of hydroelectric power, but he has built a distinguished career in river control. After graduating 24th in his class ('24) at West Point, he studied engineering at the University of California and at Berlin's Technical University, got his doctorate in Berlin in 1929. The next year he was selected to design and construct the U.S. Waterways Experiment Station at Vicksburg, Miss. Vogel did some of the most important work of his life at Vicksburg, on his knees with a grapefruit knife in his hand, digging out the first scale models of American rivers. He recalls that many top engineers ridiculed the project, and Vogel for "making mud pies," but the Vicksburg scale models now allow the engineers to predict and combat great river floods with amazing accuracy. Vogel later served as district Army engineer in Pittsburgh and Buffalo, and lieutenant governor of the Panama Canal Zone. During World War II, he won the Legion of Merit for home-front engineering projects and the Distinguished Service Medal for service in the Pacific. His present station is division engineer for Southwestern states. Now 53, Vogel will retire from the Army August 31.

Asked about the public- v. private-power controversy, Vogel said: "Such a question is like asking someone if he likes apples or pears, cats or dogs, horses or mules." In picking Vogel, Ike hired a caretaker, not a redecorator. TVA will not shrink or grow. It will be operated.

HISTORICAL NOTES

Junior's Last Voyage

Two Grumman Wildcats droned over the Atlantic, 100 miles off Cap Blanc, on search mission. At almost the same moment, each pilot spotted what he was looking for: the dark, sharklike outline of a German U-boat, slipping along just under the waves. Simultaneously, the two planes flashed the warning, "Sighted sub," back to their flattop, the *Guadalcanal*, known to her crew as the *Can Do*. As the carrier's five destroyer escorts closed in and depth charges spumed up, the submarine jammed her diving planes into the down position.

That was in June 1944, at the height of World War II. This week in Chicago, the rusting, bullet-riddled submarine, the U-505, will be hauled to her final snug harbor at the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry, as a memorial to all the U.S. seamen who lost their lives at sea in World Wars I and II, and as a personal tribute to Rear Admiral Dan Gallery, the lean and leathery wartime skipper of the *Guadalcanal*.

Dumplings & Geysers. When Gallery's sub-destroying team attacked the U-505, most of the Nazi crew was eating Sunday dinner. The depth charges damaged the sub's external ballast tanks and turned her over on her side, tossing officers and men to the decks in a tumble of crockery and dumplings. The captain ordered preparations for scuttling. Then he surfaced the U-505 to let the crew escape.

When the Nazi submariners emerged from the U-boat, they were greeted with a rataplan of small-caliber fire from encircling destroyers. Planes growled overhead, and depth charges still geysered around the stricken submarine. The Ger-

mans lost no time going overboard, and when Commander F. S. Hall, destroyer division commander, estimated that the entire crew had left, he ordered a ceasefire. From the Germans, bobbing in the waves, came three cheers for the sinking U-505. From the *Pillsbury's* loudspeakers came a rarely heard order: "Away boarding parties!"

Wholeboats & Logs. The diesels of the U-505 were still running, and the boat was moving in a tight, righthand circle when Lieut. (j.g.) Albert David and eight crewmen from the destroyer *Pillsbury* jumped aboard, minutes after the last live German had left (the body of one Nazi, the only fatality in the whole operation, was found aboard the U-boat). Racing below, the boarders shut the sea-cocks, stopped the engines and searched for booby traps. That evening the U-505—rechristened *Can Do, Jr.*—rode at the end of a towline behind the *Guadalcanal*. It was the first time since 1815 that the U.S. Navy had boarded and captured a foreign man-of-war on the high seas.*

Junior spent the rest of the European war in Bermuda. The capture was a top secret that the German admiralty never fathomed. The captured codebooks, logs and general orders were described by Naval intelligence officers as one of the greatest windfalls of the war. For his heroism, Lieut. David (now dead) got the Medal of Honor.

* In June 1815, the British brigantine *Neutibus* surrendered to the American sloop-of-war *Peacock* after a battle in the Sunda Strait. In the days of relatively unsinkable wooden ships, captures were frequent. Perhaps the most remarkable of such achievements was that of French hussars who discovered a Dutch fleet helplessly frozen in at Texel in January 1795, and captured it by a cavalry charge across the ice.

After the war the battered sub was moved to Portsmouth Navy Yard to be reduced to scrap. But the Korean war postponed that fate. Last year a group of citizens began a campaign to bring the U-boat to Chicago, Dan Gallery's home town. The Navy was agreeable, and on June 26 *Junior* was welcomed to Chicago. This week, if weather and Lake Michigan permit, *Junior* will be hauled ashore in a momentous engineering operation and lugged across South Lake Shore Drive (traffic will be halted for twelve hours) to her final berth at the museum.

COMMUNISTS

Colorado Catch

While Joe McCarthy was listening to other Senators quarrel over the surface glints and somber depths of his own, strange personality, the people whose real business it is to catch Communists quietly went on catching Communists. On a street corner in Denver, FBI agents collared four big wheels of the Colorado and Utah machines. A fifth was picked up at a Denver airport, a sixth in Pueblo, and a seventh, who had underground contacts with the Colorado group, was nabbed in Los Angeles. Last week's coups brought the total of arrests under the Smith Act (conspiracy to advocate the overthrow of the government by force) to 116 since 1948; already convicted: 72.

Biggest fish in the Colorado haul was New York City-born Arthur Bary, 42 (real name: Diamantis Daramparisi), who was carrying \$1,872.67 in cash when he was seized. J. Edgar Hoover described Bary as "one of the party's outstanding West Coast underground leaders." Bary had won quite an unusual job from the party; his job was to find out how the FBI was able to plant informers and otherwise collect information on underground Reds. He was, apparently, so maladroit at this task that he could not even foresee or forestall his own arrest.

SEQUELS

Long Form

In a Brooklyn courtroom last week, Joseph D. Nunan Jr. settled a long-overdue bill the hard way. Nunan, onetime Commissioner of Internal Revenue for Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman (1944-47), listened in silence as Federal Judge Walter Bruchhausen sentenced him to five years in the penitentiary and fined him \$15,000 for evading \$91,086 in income taxes. In passing sentence—one of the stiffest ever handed down for tax evasion—Judge Bruchhausen took official cognizance of Joe Nunan's old position as top tax collector of the land. "The court does not overlook the fact that the defendant's duties . . . afforded him unusual opportunities for acquaintance with the tax laws and regulations," he said. "Possessed as he was with all of this knowledge and information, his failure to properly account for and pay his own taxes emphasizes his guilt."



U.S. Navy

U.S. BOARDING PARTY ON THE U-505
A tumble of dumplings and a brave rataplan.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE COLD WAR

Australia Takes Its Stand

To a crowded House of Representatives in Canberra, Prime Minister Robert Menzies proclaimed last week that Australia (pop. 7,500,000) would stand behind U.S. policy in Asia. "Armed aggression must be met by armed defensive power," said Menzies. "For this is something, and perhaps at present the only thing, that the materialist Communist dictators can and will understand . . . The time has come when we must present a common front backed by a common power."

As a result of the Geneva settlement, the Communist frontier "might soon be on the southern shores of Indo-China," said Menzies. His answer: Australia will back a Southeast Asian treaty (SEATO) "with arms, with men, with ships and instruments of war, with supplies." And he would be willing to send Aussie troops up closer to the frontier, probably to Malaya. "With all the good will in the world," he said, "and with the most heartfelt desire to make an end of war, we must be ready to meet it if it comes."

Responses last week to an Anglo-American invitation to attend a preliminary SEATO conference (probably at Baguio, the Philippine summer capital) some time early next month:

Acceptances: Thailand, the Philippines, Australia, France, New Zealand, Pakistan.
Refusals: Indonesia, Burma, India.

NORTH AFRICA

The Old Order Changes

The worldwide postwar revolt against colonialism last week licked at the foundations of the French empire in North Africa. In Morocco, where the French conquest was not completed until the Rif was put down in 1926, arson, shootings and bombing killed scores and wounded hundreds. In Tunisia, where French paratroopers are engaged against nationalist guerrillas, French Premier Mendès-France was trying to head off revolt with a belated promise of home rule. Even in Algeria, a part of metropolitan France and the home of 1,000,000 Frenchmen, the Arab population (8,000,000) is rumbling with discontent.

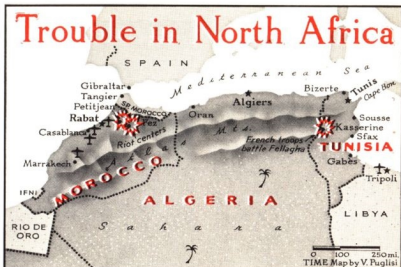
Each of the three French territories (see map) has its home-grown strife and problems. But in the 20th century, history, geography and politics have converged to give their stirrings a singleness of purpose. Of the world's 53 million Arabs, virtually all have received their independence in the past generation except the 20 million in French (and Spanish) North Africa. Of the world's 315 million Moslems, few outside the Iron Curtain remain "dependent peoples"; those few are mostly in Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria. Fanned by France's retreat in Indo-China, by Britain's from Iran and

Suez, their demands have caught fire at a time when Western opinion has decisively rejected old-fashioned imperialism, and when France herself lacks the power, and possibly the will, to extinguish revolt by force of arms.

The French found North Africa largely desert, and in places they have made it bloom. The million and a half Frenchmen who now live there regard it as their only home. Equally important, France's African empire, all of which might fall if strategic North Africa is lost, is the last remaining assurance that France is a great power. "Without it," Frenchmen argue with incontestable pessimism, "France will have no place in the 21st century. We

solemn message: "A sacred religious obligation is imposed upon us to counsel the right, to reprove the wrong . . . We judge it opportune to demand in the name of Islam and of the Moroccan people the return of their legal sovereign, Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, to the throne." Then, in secrecy, the priests reached another decision. Suicide is a deadly sin in Moslem theology, but the conclave decided to sanction the use of cyanide capsules by any Moroccan patriot who might be captured by the French.

Bloodshed was one result. After a generation of unfulfilled French promises to move towards home rule, Morocco cracked with sporadic murders and riots. Its



shall be 40 million Frenchmen against nearly twice as many Germans. We shall become another Portugal."

Some kind of French retreat seems inevitable in North Africa, as it was in Indo-China. The question is whether it will be made in good order. "We must leave," said one French settler. "It could still be done today, gradually and without catastrophe. True, some French colonists may lose their estates. But if things go on as they are, they may lose their heads as well." Probably not many *colons* in Tunisia would agree with him; they hope to stay. Whether they will be able to depends on French wisdom and skill—on the wisdom to recognize a changing order, on the skill to adapt with it. So far, the signs are not promising.

MOROCCO

New Rebellion

In the great mosque at Fez, religious capital of French Morocco, the bearded priests of the Prophet met one day last week to give nationalism a religious blessing. To France's Resident General in Rabat, the political capital, they sent this

5,000,000 Arabs (60% of the total population) demanded that the French restore their 43-year-old Sultan, Ben Youssef, Commander of the Faithful, whom the French deposed a year ago this month and exiled to Madagascar with a retinue of concubines. The rebels were led by an outlawed party of once moderate nationalists: the underground Istiqlal.

Colonial Police State. Sultan Ben Youssef's crime had been to lend his royal support to the nationalist movement. His mortal enemy was cunning old El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakech and leader of Morocco's 3,000,000 Berbers, a mountain people who hate the Arabs. The French backed El Glaoui, and replaced Ben Youssef with a stooge loyal to both France and the Berbers: Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafat, who is aged, weak and unpopular.

Twice, Arab extremists have tried to assassinate Ben Arafat; he no longer stirs from his palace in Rabat. The French, in turn, have outlawed the moderate Istiqlal, jailed 5,000 of its members (whom they could catch more easily than the terrorists), and have come close to turning Morocco into a colonial police state. From

these events came the violence that shook Morocco last week.

Wave of Violence. Reported TIME Correspondent Frank White from Casablanca: Morocco's new wave of violence began one morning at 9:30. A crowd of Arabs gathered in the market place at Fez, bearing crudely painted portraits of the deposed Sultan and shouting: "Long live Ben Youssef!" When the police used tear gas, the Arabs showered them with stones. The police opened fire: five Moroccans fell dead and 25 were wounded.

The next outburst came in the oil town of Petitjean (pop. 70,000). The rumor (entirely false) had got about that Ben Youssef had escaped from Madagascar and was on his way home. A mob collected, and in half-patriotic, half-religious frenzy, turned on Jewish shopkeepers, killing six and burning their bodies.

Hunting Season. Day by day the tension increases. At Port Lyautay, Arabs stabbed a Frenchwoman, strangled her daughter, castrated two French soldiers on patrol. In Casablanca, where 150,000 Europeans and 650,000 Arabs live in an atmosphere of cabarets, slums and quays, helmeted French troops march up and down between the machine-gun posts set up in the Place de France. The Arabs are virtually blockaded in the labyrinthine native quarter, but their guns and knives are still active, especially at night. "It's like being a rabbit when the hunting season starts," said one nervous Frenchman. "One can find it entirely amusing."

Terrorism breeds terrorism. One bunch of French settlers, veterans of World War II, have formed a society of assassins known as "The White Hand." Last week they blew to pieces four leading Moroccans, known to be Istiglal sympathizers. Three battalions of France's *Garde Républicaine* were hurried to Morocco last week.

But so far, French toughness has only worsened matters. Where six months ago the nationalists might have settled for home rule and some kind of compromise on Ben Youssef, e.g., putting his son on the throne, today their attitude has hardened. This week all Arab shops closed down tight; nationalist and religious leaders gave their blessing to a two-week countrywide strike, whose sole purpose is to intensify the demand for Ben Youssef's return. "Nothing else will do!" is now the Arab cry.

TUNISIA

Second Look

In Tunis too, the bright promise of local autonomy that Premier Mendès-France brought (TIME, Aug. 9) was already being tarnished by old habits of suspicion. The venerable (72) Bey of Tunis, with Mendès' backing, appointed Tahar Ben Amar, 68, one of the protectorate's biggest landowners, to be Premier. He was certainly as pro-French as anyone could wish. But he immediately ran into difficulties.

Tunisia's 250,000 French *colons*, knowing that in any local government they would be swamped by Tunisia's 3,000,000

Arabs, were angry at Mendès' promise of autonomy within the French Union. They denounced Mendès-France as a "Judas Iscariot"; planload after planload of them went tearing off to Paris to protest his "sellout" to their powerful representatives in the National Assembly. Paris told Premier Ben Amar that Tunisian independence was at best a "stated principle," which could not possibly be implemented until "arrangements" have been made to secure the *colons'* special interests—investments, privileges, jobs.

Ben Amar, a practical man, accepted the French restrictions without a murmur. But his difficulties were not over. He offered cabinet posts to the leaders of Neo-Destour, Tunisia's clandestine but powerful nationalist party. Most of the leaders are in exile or cooped up in French jails, but six hurried to Switzerland to



PREMIER BEN AMAR
Celebrate with joy.

confer. They talked by phone with their exiled leader, Habib Bourguiba, 51, now a "guest" of the French in a villa near Paris. Bourguiba counseled "accept."

But when Premier Ben Amar submitted his cabinet list to the new French Resident General, Pierre Boyer de la Tour du Moulin, it was the Frenchman who would not accept. Only after Ben Amar dropped two out of six Neo-Destourians was his ten-man team approved. Every man on it is a moderate (what the French call "calm"). This week at a formal investiture, they kissed the right palm and left shoulder of the Bey of Tunis, received his "blessing of Allah."

The blessing of Tunisia's nationalists was less certain. With their religious festival, Aid el Kebir, upon them, crowds gathered in the streets, waiting for Neo-Destour to decide whether the holiday should be celebrated with joy, or with reserve. At last the word spread through the bazaars: celebrate with joy.

Le New Deal

Pierre Mendès-France, son of a clothing manufacturer, is economist first, politician and statesman second. The argument which did most to convince him that the Indo-China war must be stopped was that France could not afford it. His chief ambition in North Africa is to stabilize the area, so that France can concentrate on what he calls the "real battlefield": economic reform.

Mendès-France believes that the limping French economy needs more reform than it did in 1789. In his investiture speech, he promised to submit "a coherent program of recovery and expansion" by July 20. Last week, a few days late, Mendès kept his promise by laying before the National Assembly a dramatic blueprint for peaceful economic revolution.

Under the Oaks. Mendès-France calls his program *le New Deal Français*. He worked most of it out himself. Back from Geneva, Mendès set up shop outside Paris in a hunting lodge in the forest of Marly. Outdoors, under the oaks, Mendès met his two economic brain-trusters: Georges Boris, 66, and young Simon Nora, 33. He looked over blueprints proposed by Finance Minister Edgar Faure, and reworded by Boris and Nora. "I seem to find nothing but old projects," he grumbled. "They are neither original nor daring." He wanted a program of "total economic conversion," to give a "psychological shock to the country."

Our Main Error. "We have really only one problem, at home and abroad," Mendès-France says. "France is the one nation in the West whose production has not increased in a generation. It is the same now as it was in 1929 . . ."

"This explains a great deal the fear of the bourgeoisie, the social pressures, the lack of armament production, the low living standard. And our needs now are far greater than in 1929. We have 2,000,000 more to be fed. Our export needs have increased . . . Our equipment is old-fashioned. We need new homes. It is now 40 years since any housing of consequence was built in France."

Why is this? Mendès has an economist's answer. "Our main error lies in spending for unproductive uses. First, spending for luxury goods by individuals and the state. Second, operating our nationalized industries at a deficit—coal, gas, railroads. Third, the exaggeration of [France's] social laws—some of them tend to cut back production, not increase it."

Sweeping Powers. Under the oaks at Marly, Mendès-France rewrote Faure's program to give expression to his own ideas. It took him 48 hours, practically nonstop. As presented to the National Assembly, last week Mendès-France's New Deal consisted of two documents: a one-page legislative bill, asking sweeping powers to run the French economy by

* Actually, it is up a meager 7%. Italy's is up 81%, West Germany's 130%.

decree until March 31, 1955, accompanied by a 30-page "Exposition of Motives." Main features:

¶ Liberalization of trade at home and abroad, to strip away masses of protectionist tariffs, duties and subsidies which have made French industry the most coddled in Western Europe.

¶ Agricultural reforms aimed at forcing the peasants to cut back production of uneconomic crops (e.g., wine, sugar beets for alcohol), and farm more efficiently.

¶ Overhaul of the maladministered cradle-to-grave social security program.

¶ An increase in real purchasing power by linking wages to increased industrial profits. Inefficient plants must go to the wall; workers must be retrained and moved to new locations, especially in southern France where hydroelectric power makes business more attractive than in the worked-over, fought-over north.

Opening the Windows. What Mendes proposes to do, said his unofficial spokesman, the weekly *Express*, is to force "our national economy open to the great wind . . . of foreign competition. To open wide the windows, and let those who do not have strong enough lungs to survive come to the state and be cared for."

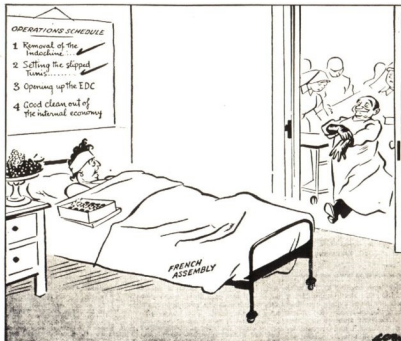
Foreign economists cheered. But to many a French businessman raised in the hothouse atmosphere of protectionism and subsidy, Mendes' program seemed more like an invitation to pneumonia.

To the Premier's office Mendes called politicians, union men and bankers, explaining to them that "there will be things you don't like." Then he and Edgar Faure marched into the National Assembly.

Hand of Poker. More than 100 amendments to the New Deal had already been submitted by special interests. The wine lobby, the distillers, the civil servants, the farmers—all had their champions popping up to defend their privileges. Wartime Premier Paul Reynaud, an old-fashioned financier, was alarmed. The plan, he said, is "as vague as it is irreproachable." "If I understand you correctly," Reynaud said, "your scenario is like this: you open the frontiers, and there is a massive invasion of foreign goods. There is a terrible shock, and you pick up the wounded at the expense of the state."

Reynaud's biggest worry was that the New Deal might cut military expenses to win economic gains. "For eight years you have been in opposition," he told Mendes-France, "and often you have made it plain that you would save money by reducing military expenditure. Are you betting the peace of the world on the good will of the Kremlin or on the defensive alliance of the Atlantic? I am among those who will not agree to gamble the survival of France on a hand of poker."

Question of Confidence. Stung, Mendes-France leaped up to reply. In the 1955 budget, cuts would have to be made in both military and civilian expenses, he said. But he promised "a rigorous defense" of the currency; to mollify the workers and peasants, he promised to lower the barriers to foreign competition "with the



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"MON DIEU! AGAIN HE COMES!"

utmost prudence." But in the main lines of his program, and in his demand for full power, Mendes-France would not yield a centimeter. "The vote will be a question of confidence," he told the National Assembly, and in the prevailing atmosphere he was all but sure of getting his economic blank check.

In-a-hurry Mendes-France also made known his timetable on EDC:

¶ Aug. 19, meet in Brussels with the five other EDC Foreign Ministers, to propose French amendments to EDC and seek their consent.

¶ Aug. 24, submit the EDC treaty to the French Assembly.

INDIA

Land of Peace

Jawaharlal Nehru, disciple of the non-violent Gandhi, likes to scold everybody else (especially the Western nations) for their bellicose natures. Last week some of the stones he has been throwing were thrown back at Nehru's glass house.

Since India gained freedom in 1947, Nehru has repeatedly demanded an end to all colonial enclaves in the subcontinent. When his huffing, puffing and pleading did not blow the colonial walls down, armed Indian nationalists (often Communist-led) began to stir up revolts in the enclaves, and Nehru gave their activity the kind of silence that implies approval. France let three of its tiny colonies go (Chandernagor, Mahé and Yanam), and last week the French Foreign Office let it be known that the last two, Pondicherry and Karikal, would be ceded to India within "the next few weeks." These small faraway colonies

were no longer of strategic, economic or sentimental importance to France (TIME, April 12).

Portugal, however, felt passionately different about its numerous picturesque fragments on India's west coast. Goa, chief among them, is the symbol of a golden age of Portuguese conquest four centuries ago and important to Catholic Portuguese as the final resting place of St. Francis Xavier. Goa is also economically profitable: last year the port exported more than \$11 million worth of manganese and iron ore. In Lisbon, Nehru's designs on Goa were greeted by obstinate fury. Lisbon's *Diário de Notícias* angrily denounced Nehru as a misguided forerunner of Communism. "The spectacular show staged by Indian imperialism . . . is nothing but an episode . . . of the subjugation of Asia to the sinister disintegrating forces of Russia," it went on. "Portugal will not let this sordid spoliation, which also affects the whole Christian West, be accomplished without denouncing it to the world by raising its voice and shedding its blood."

India's nationalists served notice of a "peaceful" march on Goa in observance of India's Independence Day (Aug. 15). Portugal's scholarly strongman, President Salazar, countered by dispatching a frigate and more troops to reinforce his "Rome of the East."

At week's end, Nehru, so free with advice to others, got some advice for himself. In one form or another, nine nations expressed concern to India (among them the ex-colony of Brazil, supporting Mother Portugal). Typical was Britain's Foreign Office's "earnest hope that there will be no resort to force or to methods bound to lead to the use of force."

THE HIMALAYAS

Conquest of K-2

In the high, bleak Karakoram, mightiest of the Himalayan ranges, China, Russia, India, Tibet, Afghanistan and Pakistan merge in a tumult of mountains. Dominating the peaks, in the northernmost corner of Pakistan-held Kashmir, is the world's second highest mountain: 28,250-ft. Mt. Godwin Austen, known to mountaineers as K-2.^o For years, K-2 has been regarded as unclimbable. Last week the news came through that the unclimbable had been climbed by an Italian expedition led by Ardito Desio, 57, a geology professor at the University of Milan.

Stubborn as Sin. Desio's was the sixth attempt to conquer the "killer mountain," as K-2 is often called. The Duke of the Abruzzi tried and failed in 1909; so did the Duke of Spoleto in 1929. Always before, men were driven back by cold as severe as Everest's, gales that can stop a man's breathing, rock falls that roar like siege guns, flinging boulders the size of trucks.

K-2 became known as the "Italian mountain," as Everest was the British, Nanga Parbat the German, Annapurna the French. (In the '30s, Americans joined in on K-2, reached 26,000 feet in 1938, 27,000 in 1939, 25,800 in 1953.) Professor Ardito Desio had climbed with the Duke of Spoleto. The professor is a mild-mannered little man with a Punch-and-Judy nose and a mountaineer's reputation of being "stubborn as sin." Last spring Desio organized another Italian expedition, with eleven mountaineers, five scientists and a Pakistani army colonel.

^o The surveyors' method of numbering the peaks of the Karakoram range.

Up the Gorges. From Skardu (pop. 2,000), ancient capital of Baltistan, they moved north to a valley where the slow ascent began. Week after week, they toiled upwards in a climate where a bareheaded man with his feet in the shade can get sunstroke and frostbite simultaneously. They bounced across torrents on inflated goatskin rafts, threaded their way through gorges whose walls rose sheer to pinnacles two miles above them. In May they left behind the last green spikes of living vegetation, and entered into a land where no birds sing. In their faces was a biting wind, boring relentlessly down from Baltoro glacier.

Climbing the glacier was agony. At such altitudes, sweat and tears can turn to frost. One day Desio radioed (by portable transmitter) that his Hunza porters had deserted, fearful of the gaping crevasses, the toppling pillars of ice. For the next 23 days, nothing more was heard from him.

Death on the Ridge. Professor Desio and his men laid Camp 1 at the foot of the Abruzzi Ridge, a gaunt rib which lances upwards towards the summit of K-2. On the fearful Abruzzi, perhaps the longest continuously steep climbing ridge in the world, a man is like a fly on a wall. He must edge himself up a vertical "chimney," 100 feet high; if he grabs too hard at the rock, it crumbles in his hand.

One of the most powerful of the climbers was Mario Puchoz, 36, whose friends called him "the Mule." In World War II Puchoz fought on the Russian front—but K-2 proved harsher still. On June 21 the Mule died of pneumonia, at 19,000 feet. He was buried near the grave of U.S. Geologist Arthur Gilkey, who was swept away by an avalanche during the 1953 U.S. assault on K-2.

By day the Italians struggled upwards,

nailling down a rope-rail that stretched every inch of the way. Nights, they crouched in tents, often with half the canvas hanging over the slope for lack of level ground. K-2 gave no quarter, and after many days of heartbreak, they were driven back down to 25,000 feet. There the expedition reorganized, and Desio sent the fittest to try the assault again.

Victory at the Summit. They scrambled to the ice-ridge at 27,000 feet. At last they reached the top, and planted the flags of Italy and Pakistan on the treacherous summit itself. From Skardu last week came this laconic but triumphant message: "Victory dated July 31. All well. Together at base camp. Professor Desio." Anxious to avoid any repetition of the "who got there first" disagreement between Everest's Hillary and Tenzing, Desio had kept the names of the victors secret.

There would be glory enough for all. Back home in Italy, grave old (80) President Einaudi, immersed in a copy of the *Economist*, dropped the magazine and leaped out of his chair in glee. "It's like a flower in the buttonhole," glowed Turin's *La Stampa*. In absentia, Professor Desio, a reserve officer in the Alpini, was promoted from captain to major.

IRAN

Oil Again

It seemed to be a victory for everybody. Iran regained its main source of revenue; Britain salvaged a handsome reward from what once seemed a total loss; the U.S. found itself participating for the first time in one of the world's richest oilfields. More than that, a strategic chunk of the globe's surface was made safer from Communist penetration.

Last week, in the cool garden of Elah-yeh Palace outside Teheran, Iran's Finance Minister and a U.S. oil negotiator put their initials on a settlement of the vexed Anglo-Iranian oil dispute. A formula had at last been found by which a combine of eight of the world's largest oil companies (*TIME*, Aug. 9) will operate Iran's nationalized oil industry, splitting the profits on a 50-50 basis with the Iranian government. "Indeed gratifying," said President Eisenhower. "A major contribution," said the British government.

Mossadegh's Folly. It had been more than three years since the wild man of Iranian politics, Mohammed Mossadegh, nationalized his country's oil industry and started his country on the road to economic and political ruin. Undoing the mischief and getting the disputants back together took skilled diplomacy. Iran's young Shah and his strongman Premier, General Fazlollah Zahedi, had to operate in an ugly, xenophobic climate created by demagogues and Communists. Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. (owned 53% by the British government) was unwilling to assent to any agreement that seemed to reward illegal seizure, for fear of the effect it would have on other Middle East rulers.

Mediators, led by Engineer Herbert



Mt. GODWIN AUSTEN (K-2)
Into a land where no birds sing.

Hoover Jr., found a happy solution. Last week's pact in effect recognizes the transfer of full title of the British-built billion-dollar industry to the Iranian government, at a cost to Iran that is a fraction of its real value. This should mollify Iranian nationalists. For giant Abadan, the world's largest refinery, and its huge network of affiliated production facilities, the Iranians will pay Anglo-Iranian a mere \$70 million in compensation.

Britain's Reward. But in fact, Britain will get a lavish return for its lost oil investment. The real compensation to Anglo-Iranian will be borne by the other seven oil firms joining the consortium. For the privilege of a share in exploitation of Iranian oil, the seven (including America's Jersey Standard, Gulf, Texas, Socony Vacuum and Standard of California) will pay Anglo-Iranian about \$600 million. In addition to this compensation, Anglo-Iranian, with a 40% interest in the new consortium, will still be the dominant oil operator in Iran. So Anglo-Iranian has cause to be reasonably content.

When Abadan shut down, there was a world shortage of oil. Since then, other producers have more than made up Iran's loss, and currently there is a market surplus of oil. Some of the nearby oil-producing countries will have to cut back production to make room for Iran. Most of the Iranian production will go, as it did before, to Asian markets, not the U.S.

CYPRUS

Stifling Voices

Cyprus, a strategically situated island in the eastern Mediterranean, is a place that has been denied even the long-term hope of independence. The British, anxious to strengthen it as a Middle Eastern base now that Suez has gone, fortnight ago classified Cyprus as one of those parts of their empire which will never be allowed to go free. Last week the British-run government of the island, getting specific, forbade Cypriot agitation for *Enosis* (union) with Greece. Henceforth, *Enosis* agitation on Cyprus will be punished as sedition.

In Athens the Greek government cheered on the Cypriots. But when one Greek voice (the fortnightly Athens *Police News*) dissented, denouncing *Enosis* as a campaign that would benefit only the Communists, the Greeks played too fast and loose with freedom. The editor was sent to jail for 4½ months.

FORMOSA

Rebuttal

In exile in Illinois, Formosa's ex-Governor Dr. K. C. Wu has grown increasingly violent in denouncing the Chiang Kai-shek regime he once served. "Formosa has been perverted into a police state," he cried shrilly in *Look*. Last week China's most respected scholar, Dr. Hu Shih, one-time (1938-42) Ambassador to the U.S., entered an emphatic rebuttal. It was all the more forceful because Philosopher Hu

Shih, a stout anti-Communist and long-time supporter of Chiang Kai-shek, has himself long been an open critic of the Kuomintang.

Writing in this week's *New Leader*, Hu Shih was particularly scornful of K. C. Wu's implication that the political and military situation was good while he was governor of Formosa (1949-53), but that it has deteriorated tragically since.

"The fact is," said Hu Shih, "that Formosa was far from the rule of law and democracy in those early years of 1949-51 . . . and only in the last three years, and notably since June 1952, has there been a far greater measure of civil liber-



OTTO JOHN (SECOND FROM RIGHT) IN EAST BERLIN
Across the line with a handsome gift.

ties and the rule of law than at any time in the past . . . Freedom of speech and the press is now shared by all who have the moral courage to speak out . . . Elections have been and still are quite free. In the recent May 2 elections, the Kuomintang candidate for mayor in the capital city of Taipei . . . was overwhelmingly defeated."

In discussing freedom of the press, Hu Shih knew whereof he spoke: he had lent his name to the critical fortnightly, *Free China*, which Wu conceded to be an exception to his accusation. Hu Shih's retort: Whoever heard of a police state that permitted "exceptional" freedom?

Then Philosopher Hu Shih turned to K. C. Wu's own conduct in exile. For a scholar who measures his words, his judgment was scathing: "The battle for freedom and democracy has never been fought and won by craven, selfish politicians who remain silent while they enjoy political power, and then, when out of power and safely out of the country, smear their own country and government, for whose every mistake or misdeed they themselves cannot escape a just measure of moral responsibility."

WEST GERMANY

\$119,000 for an Answer

For two weeks Chancellor Konrad Adenauer remained silent about the strange case of Otto John (*TIME*, Aug. 2), though he knew full well the damage that had been done to the West and to public confidence in his own regime. Last week, speaking to his people by radio, he described John's disappearance into the Soviet zone as "shocking," but he insisted that the former West German security chief had no Western military secrets: "The damage he can cause is not so great as was thought at first." Adenauer freely

acknowledged the error in giving so unstable a man so crucial a responsibility: "That he was not suited for it is clear."

Next day, Adenauer's government offered 500,000 marks (\$119,000) to anyone who would come forward in the next three months with facts that would explain the mystery of Dr. John's strange exit. But though West German and U.S. intelligence officers still profess to be in doubt whether Dr. John defected or was lured into a trap, German public opinion had hardened into the almost unanimous belief that he defected.

Within days after John's journey into East Berlin, he made three convincing radio broadcasts, wrote several personal letters, and appeared in a photograph which showed him apparently enjoying life in an open-air café on Stalinallee (see cut).

More and more, it looked not like well-planned betrayal (he left behind papers which would have been invaluable to the Communists) but like a case of impetuous defection at the height of an emotional jag. John had been hitting the bottle, and telling friends of his concern over what he regarded as the return to power

in West Germany of former Nazis. He disappeared immediately after attending the morbid anniversary observance of the July 20, 1944 attempt on Hitler's life (his own brother was executed in the bloody aftermath of that unsuccessful plot).

His fear of a Nazi revival was the explanation John himself gave over the Communist radio, and it was a handsome propaganda gift to the Reds. It was also doubly embarrassing to Konrad Adenauer, for one reason at home, for another abroad. Extreme rightists and neo-Nazis in Germany crowded that Dr. John's defection proved that Germany could not trust any German who resisted Hitler during the war. Replied Adenauer: "Those who, out of love for the German people, tried to destroy the tyranny are worthy of the highest honor." Abroad, Adenauer knew that talk of resurging German Nazism was sure to strengthen the opponents of EDC in France. Said Konrad Adenauer: "I expressly declare that there is no revival of National Socialism in Germany, and that it will not revive."

Lufthansa Flies Again

Germany's Lufthansa, commercial cousin of Hitler's Luftwaffe, will soon be airborne again. Last week in Cologne, its board of directors held their first postwar meeting in a bomb-battered building. Since the surrender of 1945, Germans have been forbidden to own or operate aircraft, but the ban will soon be lifted. Lufthansa's aircraft (four U.S. Constells and four Constellations) are due for early delivery, its prewar chief of operations is back as manager, and the pilots are in harness again. Buttressed by government subsidies, Lufthansa's aircraft will soon be taking off again for European capitals, which last saw German planes through the smoke of anti-aircraft fire. By 1955, they will be crossing the North Atlantic.

The Proper Look

It was a summer of anxiety for G.I. wives in West Germany. On the heels of Christian Dior and the Flat (or raised) Look came Colonel John H. Dilley and the Proper Look.

Colonel Dilley, an infantry soldier who commands U.S. Army installations in Frankfurt, had taken a horrified glance at the sloppy and sometimes less-than-decent appearance of American womenfolk in his area. The colonel is a brave man, and so he decided to do something about it. "The attire being worn in public by some American women is not in good taste," he proclaimed. Henceforth, "women dressed improperly" would not be permitted to enter U.S. military installations in his area, including PXs, commissaries, theaters, snack bars and service clubs. Specifically taboo:

- ☐ "No bare-back, halter-type sunsuits may be worn without a jacket or wrap."
- ☐ "No bare midriff costumes."
- ☐ "No strapless, low-cut dresses except in clubs or at appropriate social functions."
- ☐ "No shorts on teen-agers or women."

☐ No blue jeans on "mature women."

☐ No pin-curlers, "unless [the head] is neatly covered by suitable scarf or head-gear."

In the 90° heat of Frankfurt's summer Army wives were in no mood to accept Dilley's dictums uncomplainingly. From hundreds of *Kaffeeklütsche* and bridge tables rose pained outcries. "Nasty old man!" fumed a sergeant's wife. Snorted the redheaded wife of a lieutenant: "The Army can't tell me what's good taste. Next thing, they'll be taking fashion courses at West Point."

But there were also signs that the colonel had a secret army of undeclared



COLONEL DILLEY

Blue jeans and pin-curlers are taboo.

supporters among G.I. husbands. And he got overt aid from his superiors at the U.S. Army's European headquarters in Heidelberg, which is considering whether to make Dilley's decree the official policy for all U.S. posts in occupied Germany. The way some women dress abroad, said an Army spokesman, "has adversely affected the best interests of the United States."

CHINA

Act of God

The "heaviest rainfall in a hundred years," proclaimed Peking Radio. An act of God had struck Communist China (though it was not recognized in those terms), and last week, through heavy censorship, some of its dimensions could be measured. The 3,400-mile Yangtze and the 600-mile Hwai at record levels, were spilling out across a region more than twice the size of Texas, where 160 millions dwell and half of China's rice crop is grown. Peking admitted that the floods surpassed China's Yangtze tragedy of 1931, when 140,000 were drowned and 10 million made homeless.

Human Wall. The great flood began late last spring, when a Siberian cold front collided with a moisture-laden warm-air mass moving inland from the Southeast Pacific. Red China, anxious to maintain its pose of bland invincibility before the world at Geneva, said nothing about its flood so long as it could conceal it, and later tried to minimize it.

Mainland papers recently smuggled out to Hong Kong indicated, however, that several million farmland acres were flooded along the central Yangtze valley, that the 98-ft. dikes at Wuhan (pop. 1,000,000), the tri-city of Hankow, Hanyang and Wuchang, were under heavy pressure. Last month the Communists finally admitted that 600,000 "flood fighters" had been rounded up to work on the Yangtze dikes—more than 100,000 of them inside Hankow, where Red loudspeakers blared stirring martial music and Communist propaganda pep talks.

In Hupeh province, the Communists acknowledged that 106,000 volunteers had been called out to strengthen an "impenetrable" water-retention project. At one Yangtze point, according to Radio Peking, 200 soldiers and 10,000 peasants formed a great human wall with mats on their backs, and managed to stand off the torrent for three hours. "People are confident," cried Peking's New China News Agency nervously, "that everything has been foreseen. There will be no panic, no hunger, nothing like the bad old days when there was no help from above. . . ."

Lethargic Thoughts. The Communists stoutly insisted that their dikes and dams had "victoriously passed the test of the year's first heavy onslaught," but the Yangtze went right on swelling—up to the 96-ft. mark at Wuhan, and higher. Red China desperately called upon its people to fight "wavering and lethargic thoughts or exhausted and pessimistic feelings," and turned angrily against "counter-revolutionary saboteurs," as if they—not nature—were responsible for China's floods. Tragedy such as the floods had now brought to millions of peasants was an old story to China, familiar under despots and benevolent rulers alike. Insofar as it was in the power of human beings to compound the misery, the responsibility lay not with saboteurs but with the Communists, who, by liquidation of recalcitrants and forced seizure of crops, had left the peasants more helpless in the face of catastrophe.

One of six Americans whose release had been arranged at Geneva, Father Linus Lombard of Ipswich, Mass. arrived in Hong Kong from Red China last week. His train had been derailed for four days to get around the floods. He had been told that 40,000 Chinese had been drowned or killed by high water in the Tungting Lake region. Father Lombard, who spent 24 years in China, is convinced that "everybody would go right with them" if Nationalist troops invaded the mainland: "They are just living in hope that something happens."

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Cadillac

THE HEMISPHERE

GUATEMALA

Showdown

In that inebriated, early-morning hour when a celebration teeters between extinction and new adventure, carousing officers of Guatemala's ragged Liberation Army rolled merrily through the doors of La Locha, a much-favored Guatemala City bordello. Once inside, they discovered that half a dozen young military cadets had engaged the attentions of La Locha's choicest residents. Waving pistols and machine guns, the Liberators dragged the unhappy cadets into the corridors, forced them to strip and dance an incongruous cancan. When the cadets were finally freed, they dashed off to the Escuela Politécnica (Guatemala's West Point), aroused their fellow cadets and told them of the latest indignity visited upon the regular army by the makeshift militia with which Colonel Castillo Armas seized power from Guatemala's pro-Communist government five weeks ago.

The slapstick comedy at La Locha was the fuse which exploded an attempt at counter-revolution in Guatemala last week. Elements of the regular army, increasingly resentful of the Liberation Army, quickly seized on the mortification of the cadets as an excuse to rise against the Castillo Armas junta. Two days of swaying, shifting combat caused almost as much bloodshed (29 killed, 91 wounded) as the original revolution. But when it was over, President Castillo Armas seemed to emerge more decisively in command than ever.

Hospital Siege. Several hours after the affair at La Locha, 80 boiling-mad cadets raced through the capital's outskirts to the half-completed Roosevelt Hospital, where a battalion of Liberators lay encamped, and attacked. From the army base beside nearby Aurora airfield, regular officers quickly saw the chance they had been waiting for, rushed reinforcements to the cadets.

All that day, army grudge-settlers had a *fiesta*. Castillo Armas, caught far off base at a friend's *finca* near Antigua, made it back to the capital tardily—and then only by leaving his car and skulking through ravines around an army roadblock. By dusk the army had forced him and the junta to agree to disband all irregular forces. Then the cadets and regular army soldiers marched the battered survivors of the anti-Communist Army of Liberation like P.W.s right through the capital's Sixth Avenue to a train that carried them back to their old headquarters near the Honduran border. That night official communiqués saluted "the glorious gesture of the gentlemen cadets," and it was plain that the army surrender it was on top.

Base Surrender. But at that point the balance of power shifted again. A small group of high officers led by Colonel El-fego Monzón, the army's spokesman in the junta, felt that the regulars had gone too far. Dashing from barracks to bar-

racks, Monzón next day won pledges of loyalty to the junta from all except officers commanding one military base near the airfield. Castillo Armas also had an even stronger ally. For the first time, public opinion spoke out, revealing unexpectedly heavy support for Castillo Armas. Outraged by the brutal treatment of the Liberation forces, huge crowds marched to the palace to shout: "Down with the army! Death to the treacherous cadets!" University students went on strike. Market women milled about the military academy, shaking their fists at the cadets.

That afternoon, sending Mustangs and Thunderbolts from its six-plane air force to strafe the holdouts, the junta forced the surrender of the rebellious base and arrested its top officers. The army fell

ing a high officer of corruption. Recently a pistol-toting hothead tried but failed to provoke the editor to a duel.

"They will try again," Lacerda told a friend. "They'd better be prepared to kill or be killed."

One night last week Lacerda's enemies, prepared to kill, tried again. Lacerda, after addressing a political rally in his campaign for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, was driven home, with his 15-year-old son Sergio, by Brazilian Air Force Major Rubens Vaz. In front of the Lacerda apartment, the editor and the major chatted. As he talked, chunky Editor Lacerda spotted two men loitering across the street, hastily said goodbye to the major and hurried to his door.

But before Lacerda was inside, one of



GUATEMALANS MOURNING FALLEN LIBERATORS
After the cancan, a bloody fiesta.

Raul Gonzalez

obediently silent. The President ordered his irregulars rearmed. Then, as if finally confident that he, after all, is the man in charge, Castillo Armas restored constitutional liberties which his junta had suspended, and moved from the rented side-street house he had occupied since the June victory and installed himself in the presidential palace.

BRAZIL

Ambush

In his fiery crusade against Communism, corruption and President Getulio Vargas, Rio Journalist Carlos Lacerda has gained tens of thousands of loyal friends, scores of vengeful enemies. The 40-year-old editor of *Tribuna da Imprensa* (circ. 50,000) has been beaten by thugs for criticizing the army, arrested for exposing police graft, jailed four times for political reasons, attacked in his home after accus-

ing the men ran toward them, ducked behind a car 15 feet away and began shooting a .45. The first two bullets hit the major, and he fell groaning to the sidewalk. The third nicked Lacerda's foot. Pushing his son into the apartment-house garage, Lacerda dropped down behind a wall and fired back with his own .38 pistol. The attacker fired a few last shots, then ran off into the night. Major Vaz died on the way to the hospital, his head in Carlos Lacerda's lap.

Died in War. Two hours later, Lacerda propped his bandaged foot on a hospital stretcher, called for paper and pencil and dashed off a grim, accusing editorial for next day's front page:

"Rubens Vaz, hero . . . father of four children, fell this night at my side. My own son ran with him the risk to which all Brazilians living under a regime of corruption and terror are subject. Those who resist corruption fall victims of vio-



Foto Mozart

CARLOS LACERDA
The rating went down.

lence . . . The sight of Rubens Vaz lying in the street . . . prevents me from analyzing coldly at this moment the hideous ambush of tonight. But before God I accuse only one man as responsible for this crime. He is the protector of thieves, whose impunity gives them audacity for acts like this one tonight. This man is Getulio Vargas . . . Rubens Vaz died in the war . . . of the unarmed against the bandits who constitute the Getulio Vargas government . . ."

Victim's Accusation. Few of Lacerda's fellow editors cared or dared to go so far, but all of Rio was roundly shocked. Even the *Tribuna's* old rival, *Ultima Hora*, declared the shooting "a crime which under no circumstances can be justified." Major Vaz's fellow air-force officers warned that "If the police don't solve this, we will," and promptly began their own investigation of the shooting. A cabbie who had driven one of the assassins to and from the scene was arrested, but at week's end the assailants had not been identified. Lacerda insisted, however, that he knew where they came from: "Perhaps as a newspaperman I can't make this accusation, but as the victim I can. I am sure the assassins were members of Getulio Vargas' personal bodyguard." Replied President Vargas: "I considered Carlos Lacerda my greatest enemy. No man has done so much harm to my government. Now he is my enemy No. 2, because No. 1 is the man who shot at him."

CANADA

Aluminum Empire

In the wilds of northern British Columbia last week, the touring Duke of Edinburgh was taken inside a 7,000-ft. mountain where a powerhouse bigger than a cathedral had been blasted out of the solid granite. Water from glacial lakes poured down through a ten-mile tunnel to turn

the turbines and set in motion the vast Kitimat project built by the Aluminum Co. of Canada. "Does it work?" shouted the duke above the machines' roar. Said a proud Alcan engineer: "You bet it does."

As Philip watched, the \$275 million Kitimat project,[®] which includes the world's biggest aluminum factory and the biggest power development ever built by private enterprise, went into operation for the first time. Power from a mountain generating station was cabled 50 miles overland to a new aluminum smelter on the site of the old Indian village of Kitimat. The alumina ore came in Alcan freighters from Jamaica through the Panama Canal to Kitimat's newly dredged harbor. In the Kitimat smelter, the power processed the alumina into the first 40-lb. ingot of Kitimat aluminum. Now set to produce 180 million lbs. of aluminum a year, Kitimat eventually can climb to a billion pounds as the market grows.

Mon-Made Niagara. Three years, the labor of 10,000 men and the greatest force of construction machinery ever assembled in peacetime went into the building of Kitimat. The work was spread over an area bigger than the state of Massachusetts. Deep in the Canadian Rockies, 400 miles north of Vancouver, Alcan harnessed a chain of mountain lakes and eastward-flowing rivers by throwing one of the world's biggest dams—a 317-ft. dike of rock and clay—across a canyon to create a great reservoir in the hills. Then Alcan drillers drove a ten-mile tunnel through the rock to sluice the water down the west side of the mountains. Falling 2,600 ft.—15 times the height of Niagara Falls—the water spins huge turbines in Alcan's underground powerhouse, and out of the powerhouse comes cheap, plentiful electricity, the indispensable requirement in the production of aluminum. At capacity, the mountain generating plant will produce 2,240,000 h.p., enough electricity to light and power New York City.

Model City. Now that the power plant is operating, the work center of the Alcan project will shift from the mountainous interior to the coast town of Kitimat. Already the town is bustling and crowded. Workers live in huts, or in a dormitory improvised from the old stern-wheeler *Delta King*, which used to ply the tourist trade out of San Francisco. Alcan has elaborate plans for a model city (600 houses by next spring), with schools, a shopping center, streets and parkways where now there is only bush and muskeg. The plans are based on the confident expectation that the capital of the world's newest aluminum empire will some day be a city of 50,000 people.

Late but Inexorable

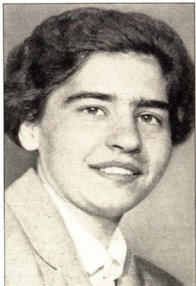
The law of averages hung like an invisible executioner over the rude Dionne farmhouse near the village of Callander, Ont. on the morning of May 28, 1934. The odds against the birth of quintuplets

were 41.6 million to one. The odds that all would live for long were even greater. Three of the baby girls were delivered by midwives before Dr. Allan Roy Dafeo arrived to deliver Marie and Emilie; he never could recall which was born last. In all they weighed about 12 lbs. The doctor held little hope for their survival and left them with the midwives.

But the quintuplets did live. From tiny infants, fed with eyedroppers and enriched almost from birth with the dollars of the curious and the exploiters (total: about \$1,250,000), they grew into carefully chaperoned girlhood, then into shy, sequestered, plain-looking young women. This year on their 20th birthday, Emilie, Annette and Cécile were taking domestic-science studies; Yvonne was studying fine arts in Montreal; Marie was about to leave a Quebec convent where she had decided against becoming a nun.

Unknown to all but a very few, Emilie Dionne had been sick almost from the beginning with epilepsy, a disease rarely cured. Periodically, she was stricken with seizures. Last month a policeman found her wandering, apparently lost, on a street in Montreal. One day last week, when she was visiting at a convent near Ste. Agathe, Que., to decide whether she also might choose the life of a nun, Emilie was stricken again. She suffered three successive fits. No doctor was called, but next morning she stayed in her room to rest. A short while later, a nurse found Emilie Dionne dead of asphyxiation, due to acute congestion of the lungs.[®] The law of averages, late but inexorable, had been working all the time.

[®] Still thriving are the world's only other known quintuplets, the eleven-year-old Diligent children (two boys, three girls) of Buenos Aires. At news of Emilie's death, the Diligent quintuplets sent a cable of condolences to the Dionne family at Callander.



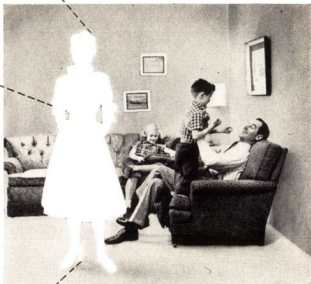
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EMILIE DIONNE
The odds caught up.

[®] For news of another project farther north, see BUSINESS.



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presents a woman in her
**PROPER
PERSPECTIVE**



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...for the woman and her family

McCall's

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

At 9:14 on a sunny morning in Reno, Barbara Jievute Paulekiute Sears ("Bobo") Rockefeller, excitedly chomping gum and conveyed by nine lawyers (only seven hers), two bankers and a pressagent, walked into a judge's chambers. Fourteen minutes later, she emerged as a new proof of an American dream story. After six years of marriage (her second), nearly five of separation, sporadic salvos of parting shots, Bobo, blonde, 37, was no longer the wife of **Winthrop Rockefeller**, 42. Her record settlement jackpot: \$2,000,000 in cash, \$3,500,000 in trust funds for herself and little **Winnie**, 5. One of Rockefeller's lawyers beamed at her: "You car-

wouldn't say what the party cost (estimate: \$30,000). But the gala seemed just what Bobo needed to relax after her six weeks of idle seclusion in Reno.

Shortly after dawn cracked over the waking town of Independence, **Harry Truman**, in his first public rally since his illness, popped out of his house, strolled a block to become the day's third voter at his precinct in Missouri's primaries.

Veteran Cinemactor **Lew (All Quiet on the Western Front) Ayres**, 45, whose militant pacifism led him into the non-combatant ranks of World War II's conscientious objectors, passed through Istanbul after a half-year's sampling of Asia's welter of religions. He planned, with the aid of some 75,000 feet of movie film shot during his pilgrimage, to make his findings in the U.S. Of all the religions he had looked over, Ayres liked Mohammedanism best as an ideal faith for world brotherhood. Said he: "You go to pray. You go in turn. No color difference, no difference between rich and poor. You all believe in one God and you are all equal in His presence."

In Placerville, Calif., a cop succeeded where many an oldtime American League catcher had failed: he caught baseball's famed Georgia Peach, **Ty Cobb**, 67, trying to steal home (to nearby Nevada). Booked for drunken driving and having no license, Midnight Rider Cobb was soon sprung on \$315 bail.

Interviewed on NBC-Radio's *Tex & Jinx* chit-chat show, irascible Architect **Frank Lloyd Wright**, 85, tried to assess the merits of an old acquaintance, New York's irascible Master Planner **Robert Moses**, 65. Said Wright: "Bob Moses is the boy who does great work for New York City, and then when he talks about architecture, he's in a covered wagon going back to Babylon . . . The first time I met Bob, he showed me a little bronze medal with a mole on one side. He said: 'I'm a mole, you see . . . You're a sky-lark.' 'Oh, yes,' I said. 'I know what you mean.' I'm up here singing away, having a good time; you're down there doing all the dirty work. But . . . get this, Bob, the mole doesn't see down there, but the sky-lark can see, up where he is!'"

To the British royal family's motor pool was added a splashy black \$19,600 Rolls-Royce limousine for **Princess Margaret**. Features: remote radio controls in the armrest, air conditioning, shutters to slide over the rear windows when the princess wants solitude.

Actress **Marjorie Steele**, 24, who met her husband, money-laden A. & P. Heir **Huntington Hartford II**, in a nightclub when she was a cigarette girl, proved to Londoners that talent need not be stifled by riches. "I'd like to get into

something Hunt has nothing to do with," she once said. "I'll find it some day and I'll act the pants off of it!" Last week, in the title role with the London company, she had found *Sabrina Fair*, and most critics agreed that Sabrina was virtually pantsless by final curtain. After catching the "tall, lean, appealingly gauche and toothy girl" in the Broadway hit play's local opening, the *Daily Mail's* normally caustic Cecil Wilson decided that Marjorie had lost her main claim to fame as Playboy-Art Patron Hartford's wife. "Now," wrote he, "Mr. Hartford should be proud to be known as the husband of Marjorie Steele."

Pennsylvania's bald-pated Governor **John S. Fine** journeyed to Philadelphia, showed up on the right day but in the wrong hall to spellbind a convention of the ladies' auxiliary of the Veterans of



Internationalist

VOTER TRUMAN
He triumphed in third place.

ried yourself like a trouser." Exulted one of Bobo's own lawyers: "It's wonderful . . . No hard feelings. No recriminations." Murmured a less cheery court bailiff: "The big gold rush of 1954."

Bobo had no idea how fast the gold would rush ("I haven't had time to figure it out"), but she was in a mood to celebrate. One evening later, coquettishly holding hands with Reno Hotelman **Charles Mapes**, Bobo showed up at a big stone castle on Lake Tahoe, where an even richer lady, **Elsinore Machris Gillilan**, a bride of 70 who inherited \$20 million from her previous oil-drenched husband, was tossing a small, make-believe Hawaiian luau (a beach wassail where revelers cry "Oahu!"). There was no poi or *okolehau*, but there were oodles of orchids and leis, flown in from the Islands, and, ignoring Tahoe's sparkling waters, lackeys gassed up a swimming pool by spiking it with champagne. Mrs. Gillilan's newly rich bridegroom, Ray, 60,



London Daily Express

ACTRESS STEELE
She lost a claim to fame.

Foreign Wars. Next day, in the right hall but a trifle late, Fine beamed at the ladies, then heard himself introduced as "the governor of the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

Taking advantage of the unspecific wording of the Old Testament,* Epicinema Director **Cecil B. DeMille** decided that he might properly spare the bare feet of Cinemactor **Charlton Heston**, who will play the role of Moses in DeMille's remake of *The Ten Commandments* (original version: 1923); slated for shooting on the real Biblical location in Egypt, DeMille's commandment: thrice daily for a week, for the scenes to be filmed on Mount Sinai itself, Heston will commute up and down the holy peak by helicopter.

* Exodus 19:20: "And the Lord came down upon Mount Sinai . . . and . . . called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up."



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For example: Does your job require a stake or platform truck? New Chevrolet stake and platform models bring you more load space so that you can haul bigger, bulkier loads. As a result, you save extra trips. And the bodies

are set lower to the ground for faster, easier loading.

Or maybe you use pickups on your job. New Chevrolet pickups offer these same time- and work-reducing advantages. And they have a new tight-sealing tailgate that prevents leakage of sand, grain and other loose loads.

Here's something else you'll like. *Every* new Chevrolet truck delivers new hour-saving power plus increased operating economy.

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NEW COMFORTMASTER CAB: Offers new comfort, convenience and safety. New one-piece curved windshield provides extra visibility. New instrument panel is easier to read and controls are easier to reach. It's the cab that has everything a truck driver wants!

New Chevrolet trucks offer more advantages you need and want—

NEW RIDE CONTROL SEAT:* Seat cushion and back move as a unit to "float" you over bumps. Eliminates annoying back-rubbing.

NEW ENGINE POWER AND FUEL ECONOMY: Bigger, brawnier "Thriftmaster 235" engine. Rugged, durable "Loadmaster 235" engine. All-new "Jobmaster 261" engine.* All three deliver new power *plus* new operating economy!

NEW, BIGGER LOAD SPACE: New pickup bodies have deeper sides.

New stake bodies are wider, longer and roomier.

NEW CHASSIS RUGGEDNESS: Heavier axle shafts in two-ton models, more durable clutches in light- and heavy-duty models, stronger frames in *all* models.

NEW AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION:* Proved, thrifty Truck Hydramatic transmission is offered on 1/2-, 3/4- and 1-ton models.

*Optional at extra cost. Ride Control Seat is available in standard cabs only. "Jobmaster 261" engine on 2-ton models.

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Nothing better under the sun

FROSTY Forester COLLINS

So simple to make, so tall and cool... a whisper of frost to soften the heat of the day... Into a chilled glass, pour the juice of half a lemon, then sweeten to taste with about a teaspoon of sugar. The ice cubes come next, then let a jigger of Old Forester trickle slowly over the ice, its incomparable flavor mingling leisurely with the tart-sweet juice below. Fill with carbonated water, stir gently, and garnish with lemon slice and cherry.

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SPORT

Mile of the Century

At the British Empire Games in Vancouver, B.C. last week, visiting Australians did their rugged best to live up to their press notices. They began well. Billed as good-natured brawlers, they touched off the first international rhubarb by filing a loud beef about the skimpy supply of good red meat at the breakfast table.

Then the Aussies slowed down. Highly favored to take the unofficial team championship, they dropped into second place behind a surprisingly well-balanced squad from England. A solid third: Canada. But there was high hope in Aussie hearts. Their collective failure could be wiped out in the biggest event of the games: the "Mile of the Century." Long John Landy, their world-record beater (3:58) was primed to run the race of his life.

No one expected Landy to have an easy time of it. He would be stepping out for the first time against the second-fastest miler in the world: England's Dr. Roger Bannister, first man in history to clock better than four minutes. And this time both men would be running without the split-second pacesetter of Chris Chataway, B.E.G. 3-mile champion, who had paced both runners in their four-minute-breaking miles.

In Vancouver's big race, Australian Landy broke fast and was out in front by the end of the first quarter. He increased his pace, for only by getting a good lead could he hope to hold off Briton Bannister's famed finishing kick. But longjawed Roger Bannister never let him get out of reach. He dogged the Australian's strides closely and carefully, was hanging on easily when Landy passed the metric-mile post (1,500 meters) at a better-than-world-record clip (3:41.9). There Bannister turned on his fabulous reserve power and made his move. "I looked back on the inside," said Landy. "Just then he went by me on the outside. I shifted into high gear but couldn't catch him."

Bannister had lasted just long enough. A few yards past the finish line, he collapsed, having broken four minutes again (3:58.8) and beaten the world's fastest miler in the process.

Spectacular as the mile was, for sheer drama the 26-mile marathon dominated the games. Just 20 minutes after Bannister's victory, England's Jim Peters staggered into the stadium far ahead of the long-distance pack. Suddenly his stride fell apart into an awful, staggering dance. He dropped to his knees and began to crawl up the track.

"Get up! Keep going, Jim!" shouted teammates.

"Stop him. Take him off," growled the crowd. Police pushed back spectators, whose efforts to help might have disqualified Peters. The English team broke into a singing chant: "James Henry Peters . . . James Henry Peters . . . Get up, Jim! Jim!" Time after time, Jim collapsed, writhed



BANNISTER BEATING LANDY
A look and a kick.

in the cinders, then painfully pushed himself up again. The finish line was far around the curve of the track, nearly 400 yds. away. But, incredibly, both crowd and team mistook a nearer line for the finish, thought Peters had less than 100 yds. to go. One last time, Peters roused himself, went weaving along, half-conscious. For a few wonderful moments, the crowd thought he had done the impossible. Jim Peters was being carried off the track on a stretcher when officials announced: "The finish line is at the east side . . . 220 yds. further." Fifteen minutes later, Scotland's Joe McGhee trotted in to win the race.

BASEBALL'S BIG TEN

The league leaders after 16 weeks of play:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Team: New York (by four games)
Pitcher: Wilson, Milwaukee (7-0)
Batter: Snider, Brooklyn (.353)
Runs Batted In: Musial, St. Louis (103)
Home Runs: Mays, New York (36)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Team: Cleveland (by 2½ games)
Pitcher: Consuegra, Chicago (14-3)
Batter: Noren, New York (.337)
Runs Batted In: Minoso, Chicago (86)
Home Runs: Doby, Cleveland (25)

Move from Philadelphia?

Baseball fans have a simple faith: they worship winners. They also deem it their solemn duty to give advice to losers. In Chicago last week, looking at the American League statistics, Investor Arnold Johnson found the Philadelphia Athletics limping along with one foot in the cellar, and was ready to give them the word. "Nothing wrong that a few million dollars won't cure," said Johnson, vice chairman of Automatic Canteen Co. of America. His proposal: shift the franchise to Kansas City, Mo., where Johnson happens to own the only big baseball stadium in town. He is willing to pay \$4,500,000 for the privilege of giving the A's that Midwestern cure.

Even in the old days, when Connie Mack himself was around to see that the fans got their money's worth, Philadelphia was not always enthusiastic about the A's. Between 1901, when the American League was founded, and 1950, when he finally stepped down as manager, the Grand Old Man of Baseball won nine pennants. But even when the team was winning, there were empty seats in the ballpark. In 1914 Connie broke up his famous \$500,000 infield ("Home-Run" Baker, Jack Barry, Eddie Collins and Stuffy McInnis) for ready cash.

Things looked up for a while in the late '20s, when Connie fielded such fine competitors as Mickey Cochrane, Lefty Grove and Al Simmons on first-division teams. Then Pepper Martin and the Gas House Cardinals of 1931 whipped the Athletics in the World Series, and the fans deserted Connie Mack Stadium once more. After World War II there were a couple of good seasons; then everything went to pot. Connie today is too old (91) to help his team; his two sons, Roy and Earle, have neither the talent nor the money to keep the A's fighting.

Now that the Milwaukee Braves and the Baltimore Orioles have taught the big leagues that shifting a franchise can spruce up a team, most baseball men agree that the Athletics could do worse than make the sleeper jump to Kansas City. But Roy Mack is a stubborn loyalist. When the Athletics' board of directors meets this week to consider Johnson's offer, Roy will be on hand with some last-minute support from a syndicate of Philadelphia businessmen. If Co-Owners Connie, Roy and Earle agree to sell their stock, Harry Sylk, president of Philadelphia's Sun Ray Drug Co., promises that he and some friends will match Midwesterner Johnson's price. Such well-heeled sentimentality may delay the Athletics' departure for a while, but Connie Mack, for one, is willing to face the truth. A move, he says, is inevitable.

Jumping Russians

The stubby little biplane leveled off at 5,000 ft. over the tawny fields of Burgundy. In the rear cockpit, a Russian parachutist carefully checked his equipment. When he spotted a white chalk cross on the ground below, he stepped off into

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space. For 20 seconds he fell free. Then his nylon chute blossomed overhead and he began to drift downwind, past his target. Tugging skillfully at his suspension lines, he spilled air from his chute and slipped back toward the cross. He touched down only four yards short of the mark.

"That Russian was playing on his chute like an organist," marveled a pop-eyed observer at the Second International Parachute Jumping Championships of Saint-Yan last week. "Eto Nichevo," shrugged the jumper. "It was nothing. Everyone on my team can do it."

Everyone could. The suspicious, humorless Soviet crews arrived in France festooned with "secret" instruments (*i.e.*, stopwatches, portable altimeters, audiotimers that would sound a warning buzz in time to pull the ripcord, safety devices for opening chutes automatically at minimum altitude). They brought along three political tutors: an army colonel, an interpreter and a *Tass* correspondent. They haggled endlessly over procedure, spent two hours on the ground discussing a maneuver in the air. But they put on an exhibition of fine precision jumping that won them the championship with ease. In second place: the Czechs. Third: the French defending champions. Among the also-rans: Switzerland, Britain, the U.S., Italy and Yugoslavia.

Relatively new as an excuse for international competition, parachute jumping is too full of spine-jerking thrills ever to become a popular pastime. But the careful jumpers in Burgundy last week seemed set on proving that a dive into empty air need be no more dangerous than a snappy game of table tennis.

Scoreboard

❑ In Seattle, Slo-Mo-Shun V, a roaring, red-tailed hydroplane, skittered for 90 miles across the surface of Lake Washington at an average speed of 99.108 m.p.h. as Pilot Lou Fageol won the fifth straight Gold Cup championship for Seattle's Car Dealer Stanley Sayres.

❑ In Chicago, Jerry Barber from La Canada, Calif., played 72 holes on Tam O'Shanter's tricky course in 277—11 under par—to win the \$25,000 All-American tournament. In the women's division, Mildred ("Babe") Didrikson Zaharias continued the winning pace she has set since her cancer operation last year, fired a record-breaking seven-under-women's-par 69 on her way to the Tam title.

❑ At Goshen, N.Y., on the mile track of Good Time Park, Newport Dream trotted away from a field of 15 other three-year-olds to win the 29th Hambletonian Stakes. Off form all spring, the bay colt won the first heat handily, just managed to finish ahead of Harlan in the second.

❑ In Manhattan, two former heavyweight champions, Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis, and onetime Welterweight, Lightweight and Featherweight Champion Henry Armstrong, were the only modern boxers elected to the new Boxing Hall of Fame. Among the oldtimers chosen: James J. Corbett, John L. Sullivan, Jack Johnson, Joe Gans and Stanley Ketchel.

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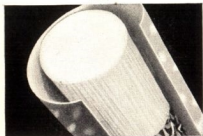
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MEDICINE

"Like Billy-O"

In the hospital at Warracknabeal, 180 miles from Melbourne in Australia's rich wheatland, nurses kept an extra-sharp eye on Patient John Clancy, lest he sneak out for a bit of pub-crawling with his cronies. White-bearded Farmer Clancy had already given them the slip once, and they wanted him to stay put until the wound from his operation was fully healed. It was only an appendectomy, but what made the case unusual was Clancy's age: 100. So far as the records showed, he was the oldest appendectomy patient in history. Last week he was out of bed, playing cards and giving visitors his recipe for longevity: "Drink deep, smoke like billy-o, work as hard as you have to, and hate the Tories good and proper."

Blood Will Tell

The old saw that "blood will tell" is gaining new meaning from medical research. Last week the *British Medical Journal* published a series of reports by three research teams. Among the findings:

¶ People with Type O are 35% more likely than others to suffer from peptic ulcers.

¶ During pregnancy, a Type O woman is more likely to develop toxemia.

¶ The danger of lung cancer seems unrelated to the ABO groupings, but one study suggested that Rh-negative people are slightly less subject to this fast-increasing disease than others.

¶ Cancer of the stomach is significantly commoner among Type A subjects, but no such relationship has been found in cancers elsewhere.

Why Go to a Quack?

Most doctors scoff when patients turn to quacks or unorthodox practitioners. Instead of scoffing, Dr. Beatrix Cobb, research psychologist at Houston's M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute, determined to find out why patients do it. The people she questioned, reports Dr. Cobb in the current *Psychiatric Bulletin*, divided roughly into four groups:

1) Miracle seekers. Example: a Negro woman with cancer of the breast who covered herself with a "prayer cloth" each day for six months before seeking medical care. Now near death, she "believes that the failure of the prayer cloth was due to her sins."

2) The uninformed. One businessman did not know the difference between an M.D. and other self-styled "doctors."

3) The restless. Example: a man of 53 became impatient during a two-week stint of laboratory analysis, went to a quack who gave him "treatment" within the hour. "I got 'antsy.' You know, when you've got cancer, every minute counts."

4) The graspers at straws—those whom the doctors have told, "We have done all we can." But "for their own peace of mind, [many patients] must continue to try to do something about it."



PSYCHOLOGIST COBB
 Patients are people.

Quacks attract patients by "kindness, consideration, and recognition of the patient as a person." They give the appearance of explaining things to the patient in understandable English. "The quack ties the patient to him through the bonds of grateful appreciation... The cancer patient seeks not only adequate medical care, but sympathetic emotional support."

Capsules

¶ Researchers at Michigan State Health Laboratories and doctors in Mexico reported a new antibiotic, Synnematin, as a prompt and effective cure for typhoid fever. Hitherto, Chloromycetin had been by far the best drug against typhoid.

¶ Britain's *Medical Press* suggested a new feature of social medicine. "The housewife... cannot present her husband with a medical certificate and take a few weeks' sick leave; she has to carry on... until she is literally unable to stagger around the house." Since a woman could use sick pay to hire help while she got a rest, the journal asked: "Why not introduce... sickness benefits for housewives?"

¶ Babies as young as two weeks old can suffer migraine headaches, reported Dr. Jerome Glaser of Rochester, N.Y. The diagnosis usually has to wait until the victim is old enough to describe the symptoms, but infants' behavior sometimes suggests migraine, which is proved by later attacks.

¶ Lack of funds has forced the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis to slash emergency aid to polio patients, reported President Basil O'Connor. The \$200,000 doled out last week "represents money 'borrowed' from funds committed to research and education." To meet the shortage, there will be an emergency March of Dimes next week.

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RELIGION

Answers to a Challenge

Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, saw the Roman Empire falling about him. A few months after he died (430 A.D.), the invading Vandals took Hippo, then a major North African stronghold. In the ages that followed, the great cities of man crumbled, but their citizens found a spiritual home in Saint Augustine's *City of God*. To this day, Christian churches of all denominations draw upon the theological system that Augustine tirelessly nailed down before the storm broke. Yet the 20th century is haunted by a question: Is Christian civilization going the way of the Roman Empire? Perhaps, say prophets such as Britain's Historian Arnold J. Toynbee. Surely, said a Christian theologian last week during a visit to the U.S. from behind the Iron Curtain.

Noting the 1,600th anniversary this year of Augustine's birth, Czechoslovakia's Dr. Joseph L. Hromadka said at Princeton: "Saint Augustine . . . laid—in a way—a foundation for . . . what we have called Christian civilization . . . Now the historical structure of this civilization finds itself in an agony . . ."

"We have to sense the imperceptible and yet real shifting of the center of gravity from the Christian nations to the non-Christian world . . . So-called Christian civilization finds itself in disintegration . . . Christian nations have failed to carry out, in time, the indispensable, long-awaited social adaptations . . . and to assist other nations in their struggle against misery, poverty and ignorance."

What Hope? Theologian Hromadka says he is no Communist, and his brethren largely believe him. But he thinks it fit to collaborate with his country's Communist regime, and for that reason it was



Chogoku Shimbun, Hiroshima
FATHER LASSALLE & NEW CHURCH
A symbol of Christian hope.

easy to dismiss Hromadka's speech as the melancholy result of peaceful coexistence and a sharpened sense of doom. Nonetheless, his warnings, did constitute a challenge. In the U.S., it was a good week to look for some answers. Hundreds of Christian churchmen from all over the world were meeting in half a dozen U.S. cities to discuss the condition of their faith (see below). The World Council of Churches was preparing for next week's big meeting at Evanston, Ill., whose theme is "Christ the Hope of the World."

As usual, there was no clear agreement on just what form that hope should take. Many churchmen, notably the Americans, emphasized "practical" action here and now. Said the World Presbyterian Alliance meeting at Princeton (where Hromadka spoke): "Strive to break down racial barriers . . . Promote understanding between classes . . . Provide an opportunity for every man . . . to earn a livelihood . . ." Other churchmen, rallying round the eschatological view that sees the Christian hope at the end of the world and not in it, argued that Christianity's place was not primarily in political or ideological battles. Contemplating "the hydrogen and perhaps a cobalt bomb," Presiding Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill of the U.S. Protestant Episcopal Church sounded a note of resignation. Said he at Minneapolis: "The possibility of the end of the world is not so tragic. Christians have always known that we are sojourners and pilgrims, and that we have here no continuing city."

Who Is Winning? In Hiroshima, Japan, meanwhile, Christianity made another comment on the Bomb—by dedi-

cating the handsome new Church of Our Lady of the Assumption on the site where the old one stood before it was destroyed nine years ago by the first A-Bomb. Jesuit Father Hugo Lassalle (who himself survived the bombing) built this World Peace Memorial Church with contributions from Japanese converts plus a \$100,000 anonymous contribution from the U.S. In this new church, standing at the birthplace of the atomic age, Christians of all denominations might find a symbol. Various Christian assemblies last week gave at least an appearance of being busy, energetic, and less concerned with lamenting destruction than with building anew.

Altogether, Christianity could be seen as still a long way from the disintegration which Dr. Hromadka saw just around the corner. Before and since the Vandals sacked Hippo, Christianity survived many agonies. But the Vandals inside and outside the city in A.D. 1954 were a different breed from any who had come before. No Christian, 1,600 years after Saint Augustine's birth, could say with full confidence that the churches were winning the fight against them.

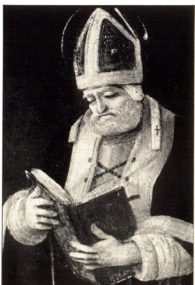
Anglicans & Anglicanism

Looking like members of a good club on a decorous outing, 670 bishops, priests and laymen from the 327 dioceses of the Anglican Communion gathered in Minneapolis last week for a ten-day congress, the first to be held outside the British Isles.

Gaiters mingled easily with plain black trousers and there were jokes and quips aplenty. The Most Rev. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Most Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill, Presiding Bishop of the U.S. Protestant Episcopal Church, were asked to look animated for a portrait with their respective wives, promptly animated themselves by singing *Sweet Adeline*. Bishops were ev-

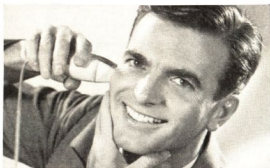


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everywhere (207 of them were registered), and many of them came from the Asiatic and African countries where Christianity must fight perhaps its hardest battle with Communism.

Halfway House. There was tall, courtly Bishop Arabinda Nath Mukerjee, first Indian to be made primate of the Anglican Church in India, who was pleasantly surprised by the U.S. "This country is much more sane and much more concerned with religion than I had realized," he said. There was Doctor Koki Abe, a hygiene and public-health expert from the Japanese island of Hokkaido. There was Bishop Leonard Beecher of Mombasa, who travels about his vast diocese unarmed, as do his 106 priests, despite the murderous Mau Mau. ("One's Christian faith begets a trustfulness that conquers fear.")

One view that bobbed up again and again at Minneapolis was that Anglicanism will sooner or later prove to have been nothing but a halfway house on the road to a united church. Editorialized the high-church weekly, the *Living Church*: "Anglicanism as an 'ism' is only an episode in the life of the universal church. Some day it may cease to be or may become merged in a broader expression of the life of the Holy Catholic Church."

The External Objective. Rising, young (40) Theologian James Peter Hickinbotham, just appointed principal of St. John's College of the University of Durham, England, put it on the line in one of the major papers read at the congress. "The Anglican Communion," he wrote, "has never said of itself, as Rome and orthodoxy each says of itself, 'We are the Catholic Church and nobody else . . . We all need to have our partial and distorted traditions supplemented and corrected by those elements of the truth which other communions have preserved better than we have, and this can only take place within the intimate fellowship of a reunited church . . .'"

Presiding Bishop Sherrill also underscored reunion. "The body of Christ is broken into many pieces," he said. "We can be grateful to God for the increased cooperation brought about in recent years . . . But [this] must not satisfy us. The goal . . . is the unity of the church . . . " "Nothing could be so un-Christian or so unwise as to wrap our talent in a napkin and bury it in the earth in the name of preservation. We must have a view of the wholeness of the Christian Church. Anglicanism is not an end in itself; the church even is not an end in herself. The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ is, of course, the eternal as well as the present objective."

Doubts About Unity

Christian unity might look desirable to the assembled Anglicans (see above), but not to all their brethren.

☛ The International Catholic Congress in Chicago, including Episcopal, Anglican, Eastern Orthodox, Old Catholic and Polish National Catholic communions, heard Chicago's Episcopal Bishop Gerald F. Burdick cast some cold water on the Evanston

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It lets you sleep!*

ecumenists: "Pan-Protestantism is not unity. It is a temporary expedient . . . Unity must be achieved on God's terms and not on ours . . . We hear people say, 'This is the Church's last chance.' 'We must unite or be destroyed by the evil powers of atomic energy.' I am convinced that this is heresy. Our Lord has promised that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against His Church—to believe otherwise is to deny the sovereignty of God."

At a conference of some 250 theologians, philosophers and scientists concerning "Religion in an Age of Science" on Star Island, N.H., Dr. Edwin P. Booth, professor of historical theology at Boston University, took a few hard cuts at Evanston from another direction. The World Council, he said, "is summoning, in this dark and tragic age, churches that will not change and leaders who follow old guides while men are hungry for the evidence of human experience. The great curse of the Church in 1954 is that it calls upon God to move in to save man . . . It is inconceivable that God would love an American better than a Russian, or that He would love a Massachusetts Congregationalist better than an Indian Buddhist . . . Outside the portals of Evanston stands the human race. They don't want Kierkegaard . . . The answer . . . lies not in Biblical theology but in experience, where Jesus Himself found it."

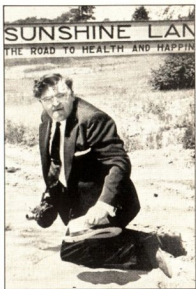
The Preacher & the Nudists

The Rev. Braxton Bragg Sawyer stepped into an Oklahoma City bookstore one day and came out with a crusade. Inside he had found a group of teen-agers giggling over nudist magazines. Baptist Sawyer was alarmed to see Satan in this unexpected quarter. "Nudists!" he said. "I had preached for 20 years without ever using the word nudist."

Dr. Sawyer hurried home to Fort Smith, Ark. (pop. 47,942) and went to work, getting bills drawn up to outlaw this "national menace," thundering against it over his radio program. To get his point across, he played a tape-recorded "confession of a 13-year-old nudist girl." Nudist Norval Packwood, executive director of the American Sunbathing Association (with more than 15,000 members), wrote to Evangelist Sawyer and invited him to the A.S.A. national convention at Battle Creek, Mich. "To learn the real truth about nudism." Last week, as the nudists shucked their clothes at Battle Creek, the Rev. Braxton Bragg Sawyer girded his loins for a fight.

Armed with a movie camera, color film, a tape recorder and a public-address system, he headed into the camp in his station wagon. The way was barred by a score of bare-chested male nudists (trousered for the occasion) and one comely, sun-suited female, Mrs. June Lange, the convention's pressagent. Like all other visitors, Mrs. Lange explained, the reverend doctor must take off his clothes so he could feel at home.

Without shedding even his coat, 42-year-old Preacher Sawyer grabbed his movie camera and made for the camp



CRUSADER SAWYER
He kept his clothes on.

gateway. One nudist tossed a neat block and Sawyer's burly bulk (5 ft. 11 in., 225 lbs.) hit the dust (see cut). Nudists rallied to revive him with a first-aid kit, a camp chair and a sandwich. A few minutes later, he tried again, fell even harder.

Next day Preacher Sawyer came back, once again found the gate guarded. Said he earnestly: "I intend to intensify my campaign . . . I give them credit for being as sincere as I am. When public sentiment has decided the issue, I am ready to shut up . . . But there are times when Samson has to take the jawbone of an ass and whip a pack of Philistines."

The Case of the Red Hadjis

Religion may be the opium of the people, but to a Russian propagandist it can be a mighty handy gadget. Last week the Kremlin's latest piece of religious propaganda dropped right out of the sky over Turkey.

At Ankara airport landed a Russian transport plane, ostensibly out of fuel. Out popped 21 gaily clad Mecca-bound pilgrims, Communists all, yet Moslems to a man. Two of them, their passports showed, were Red army officers. While the prospective hadjis were still scattering affable *salaam aleikums* around the airport, Russian-embassy personnel arrived. Their eagerness was understandable: Russia is trying hard to woo not only its own Moslem population of about 30 million (which has often been rebellious and subject to purges) but the 310 million Moslems whose lands stretch in a strategic arc from Casablanca to the Sulu Sea.

At the airport, there followed 90 minutes of coffee and other nonalcoholic beverages, then up into the air soared the plane load of Red pilgrims, looking, said one Turk, "more like seasoned actors on a tour than believers going to the holy city."

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MUSIC

Favor for a Friend

Jukebox and symphony orchestra got together in Cleveland last week. Jukebox favorite Frankie Laine appeared with the Cleveland Summer Orchestra, a reduced (71 men) hot-weather edition of George Szell's fine Cleveland Symphony, and belted out pop songs in his familiar foghorn voice. An audience of 6,000, some sipping soft drinks, enthusiastically listened to *Jezabel*, *Jalousie*, *High Noon*, etc. The musicians, having swept the last delicate strands of cold-weather classics out of their instruments, backed Singer Laine with grace and good humor.

Biggest hit of the evening: the premier of the gentle, lightweight *Indian Suite* by Carl Fischer, eight musical sketches that



CARL FISCHER & FRANKIE LAINE
In hot weather, a gentle gesture.

proved as pleasant and obvious as their titles—e.g., *Maiden's Prayer*, *Big Brave Song*, *War Dance*. For Singer Laine it was a sentimental occasion. Composer Fischer, a three-quarter Cherokee who died of a heart attack last March at 41, was Frankie Laine's close friend and musical arranger. Fischer, then a nightclub pianist, first met Frankie Laine eleven years ago when Laine was working as a screw machine operator, encouraged him to get out of the factory and helped him on his way to jukebox fame. Last week after the Cleveland audience enthusiastically applauded the *Suite*, Laine said: "You don't know how much this would have meant to Carl."

Ice Age, Stone Age

Bankers, poets, conductors and even *femmes fatales* have shown that careers need not be over at 60. Last week the fact was emphasized again by two elderly ladies who kicked up their heels with the

enthusiasm of dancers a third their age.

¶ In the Hollywood Bowl Ruth St. Denis, grandmother of the modern dance, unveiled her first new production since 1934, *The Ballet of Light*, set to Scriabin's *Poem of Ecstasy*. Surrounded by nine young men and women in short, Romanesque costumes, "Miss Ruth," 74, impersonated the spirit of light, moving majestically in yards of billowing silk, her hands articulate, her youthful-looking neck arched attractively, showing her years only when she attempted a fast step. An audience of 10,000 cheered Dancer St. Denis. Her dream for the future: a "ballet of the states," in which she would be the Statue of Liberty.

¶ At Massachusetts' famed Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, Britain's Margaret Morris, 64, was appearing with her new dance group, the Celtic Ballet of Scotland. Paris-born Dancer Morris has few illusions about her own barefoot dancing and choreographic style. Says she: "Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis are the Ice Age; I'm about the Stone Age." But her killed troupe charmed the critics with Scottish folk dances done with a freshness rarely seen in the U.S., delighted audiences in a heathery number telling how Bonnie Prince Charlie escaped to Skye, while warriors fell and their women grieved. At one point, while the group was demonstrating Margaret Morris' own exercise movements, the audience spotted a typical burlesque grind. As old as the Scottish hills, the grind used to be considered "too rude" in Scotland, explained Dancer Morris, but U.S. movies and musicals have made it "respectable." Altogether, fans found the Stone Age full of good fun and interesting dancing.

How to Pick Winners

Once a week at 11 p.m., an odd group gathers in a windowless office above Manhattan's old Palace Theater. Around a spinning turntable sit a former executive of a record company, a young philosophy major, a onetime pressagent, the former owner of a record company who is now getting his M.A. in history, and an ex-army public-relations officer who has studied music at Juilliard. They form the music staff of *The Billboard*, 60-year-old amusement weekly (circ. 49,966) that has become the bible of the music trade. By picking pop tunes for listing in the paper's widely respected "Spotlight" columns, they do what almost everybody in the business tries to do—pick hits in advance.

An Evening at the Turntable. On a typical night, the group settled down for a session with a batch of new records. Likely winners would be "put in the book" for probable listing in "Spotlight"; the rest would be turned down. Reporter Bob Rolontz (the M.A. candidate) was seated behind the turntable, cigar in mouth, pertinent data about title, label, publisher and performers at his fingertips. "Viola Dixy—yeah, two x's," he announced, "singing *Everyone Is Saying*. We heard

Why Stubborn Men Make Good Bourbon

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



A share-cropper in our home county got to wondering one time who was the bigger jackass, himself or his mule.

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RECORD SCOUTS ACKERMAN, MARTIN, ROLONTZ & KRAMER
Can she sing? What about the pairing? How much push?

this last week, but maybe it's worth listening again for the girl—new talent." He played a few bars of a nondescript song by a pleasant, commonplace voice. "The girl, that's all there is to it," said someone over the noise. "Doesn't she sound like Patti Page?" said another. "Yeah, maybe too much." After a chorus Rolontz lifted the needle. Music Editor Joe Martin (formerly London Records' advertising manager) looked around the room. "O.K.? Put it in the book—as a talent pick." Gary Kramer (the philosophy student) jotted it down.

Next record: a vocalist named Rusty Draper ("Real sincere, but a little cold lately"), singing *In the Workshop of the Lord*. This was "a sacred thing," but what the hell could you do with the pairing? On the other side of the record was a hot-rhythm number. Turned down.

Paul Whiteman in a new recording of his old arrangements of *Whispering* and *You're Driving Me Crazy*. The youngsters in the group hooted, but 46-year-old Associate Indoor Editor Paul Ackerman counseled caution. The record did have something. Better put it in the book and listen to it again.

Julius La Rosa singing *In My Own Quiet Way*. Comments: "Old-fashioned Tommy Dorsey sort of thing," and "Too many words." Turned down.

Cara Mia, with a vocal by Johnny Amoruso. The soupy melody is currently the No. 2 hit in Britain. Said Ackerman: "A lot of squares will think this is an immortal work." But apparently not enough. Turned down.

A new male trio. Said Rolontz of the publisher: "This guy will kill himself to make a hit out of this. He formed this group himself." Said Martin: "It's loud, and it has a shuffle beat. Everybody loves a shuffle beat right now." Booked.

An orchestra doing *Tambourine*. "Instrumental records are not moving now." Turned down.

I'm No Gonna Say, with Ronnie Gaylord. "Sure, he approaches a note from

both sides, but he does a chorus in Italian that always goes big. Besides, he is always on the lists." Booked.

The Cadillac Factor. By then it was 1:30 a.m. The score for the evening: turned down; ten booked—four pops, 6 country-and-western, four rhythm-and-blues plus one "talent pick." Some of the records would be heard again for a second guessing. Of the records finally listed in *Billboard's* "Spotlight" as probable hits at least half usually make it, are then listed in its authoritative dealer-surveys charts. Merely being in "Spotlight" usually assures at least 25,000 additional orders for a record. In a sharply competitive, half-billion-dollar business—of about 3,000 pop songs to be published this year no more than 90 can expect to become hits—*Billboard's* skilled and honest record handicapping is a big factor.

Billboard staffers are painfully aware that they are not looking for musical quality but only for the elusive symptom of popularity. When they first heard Jimmy Boyd's *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*, they walked out of the room disgusted, but they realized it was bound "please the squares" and spotlighted (it has sold some 2,000,000 copies).

Says Editor Martin: "We can't make a hit by spotlighting it. We picked Fella Sanders' *Embrace* because her *Song For Modin Rouge* was selling so fast. *Embrace* never even showed. And we can't keep a record from making No. 1, just because we miss it. We just could stand *Pittsburgh, Pa.* and didn't pick it. It hit hard. But on the whole, we're pretty well, considering the kind of details we have to take into account—from the amount of push a record gets down to the amount of attention the artist pays to disk jockeys. I could name a top singer who slipped because of that. She used to drop in on every deejay wearing a skirt and tight sweater. Then she started driving up in a Cadillac and a mink stole. Somehow the jocks began skipping her records."



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MORE RECAPS. "We expect at least two recaps from nylon cords," says Louis Muka, New Jersey contractor. "Before nylon, we were lucky to get one recap. Nylon cords have the strength to take it on any job."

Hollywood on the Tiber

(See Cover)

Seldom since the pagan days of old had so many pilgrims come trudging to the shrine of the Goddess of Fortune where it sits in pleasant ruins not far from Rome. But Fortuna was out of luck last week. The pilgrims hustled past her premises and up the nearest mountain to the little (pop. 643) village of Castel San Pietro Romano. For there the rumor had it, a goddess enchantingly more substantial had suddenly come to earth among the amorous groves. Gina Lollobrigida (pronounced low-low-bridge-id-ah) was in town to make a movie.

And who is Gina? Hardly anywhere in the world today except in the U.S., could such a question be asked. In Europe she is the most famous seven syllables since "Come up and see me some time." She is the girl who, according to Humphrey Bogart, "makes Marilyn Monroe look like Shirley Temple." She is the modern Italian (excluding politicians of course) who, according to Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito, has made the greatest impression on him. "She is the hottest thing in Europe today," says Moviemaker René Clair. In recent months she has become one of the world's most highly paid actresses (about

\$100,000 a picture). Last month she won the Silver Ribbon, the Italian equivalent of Hollywood's Oscar, as the "Best Actress of 1954" for her performance in *Bread, Love and Dreams*.

According to the famous photographer of women, Philippe Halsman, "she has the finest figure of any actress I have known." In Paris a new phrase (*les lollos*) is being used in brasserie advertisements. In London Sir Jacob Epstein, the famed sculptor, has done a bust of Gina, and in Manhattan, Gossipist Walter Winchell has been gushing about the new "Lollopaloza."

In the U.S. a small but enthusiastic minority has seen Gina body out her bodice in the French-made *Fanfan la Tulipe*, show some charmingly unexpected dimples in the bath scene from *Beauties of the Night* (seen in full by the Queen of Britain, but sharply censored for U.S. moviegoers), and play her cheesecake for comedy—with a side dish of macaronic English—in John Huston's *Beat the Devil*.

Early next month, Gina, in the flesh, will appear at the Manhattan premiere of *Bread, Love and Dreams*. Some of Hollywood's shrewdest peddlers will be on hand for the great inspection. But to Hollywood, Gina Lollobrigida suggests trouble; she is the latest of a lot of disquieting portents borne on the trade winds from Italy.

New Hollywood. In recent months, the travelers' tales from Italy have unsettled many an expensive lunch at Chasen's and Romanoff's with visions that might have been flashbacks to the balmy days when Hollywood was in its infancy. Movie producers, they said, were as common as cats in the Forum, and just about as noisy. Stars were demanding—and getting—as much as \$6,400 a day. As many as three pictures were being shot at once with the same cast. Directors were arrogantly demanding 800 horses for a single scene. Drinking orgies, studio spies and gorgeous villas with swimming pools were the rule of the day. The purple sports shirt had replaced the purple toga, and through the narrow vias where Nero's chariot had clanked, the Jaguars were prowling.

Could it really all be true? The reports of deepening inroads made by Italian pictures in Hollywood's foreign market strongly indicated that it was. On the banks of the Tiber, incredible as a castle in the air but vividly more real, has arisen a new and powerful Hollywood to challenge the old. "It's impossible," said one U.S. moviemaker. "It's as if there were two Orson Welleses. But there it is."

Tempting Gegaws. In 1948, the Italian moviemakers produced only 54 feature films. Last year they made 145, almost half as many as the major Hollywood studios released, and a third of them were in color. While in the U.S. close to 5,000 movie houses had closed, the total in Italy jumped from 6,500 to 9,778, and the Italian cut of the Italian box-office pie (though Hollywood's thumb still pulls out the biggest plums) swelled from \$8,800,000 to \$48 million.

In 1952 not one Italian company produced more than four films; in 1953 there were five that turned out between ten and a dozen. By last week the Italians had six pictures "in the can" that cost between \$800,000 and \$3,000,000 each. Among them are such epics as *Ulysses* and *Attila*—fancy gegaws frankly designed to tempt the mass market away from Hollywood's brand of cinematic costume jewelry. Temptation is sweetened by many a big box-office name from the U.S. Among the Hollywood stars who have worked for the Italians: Kirk Douglas, Claudette Colbert, Linda Darnell, Hedy Lamarr, George Sanders, Shelley Winters.

Since 1948 Italy has doubled her income from movie exports, has spread them from 38 to 86 countries, now ranks ahead of Britain and France, and second only to Hollywood, as a provider of the world's film fare. Some Italian pictures have even broken out of confinement in U.S. art houses and ridden the big circuits to impressive grosses (*Bitter Rice*, with Silvana Mangano, made almost \$8,000,000 in the U.S. alone).

Gorgeous Flowers. "This boom," said one onlooker, "is really a series of busts." Gone is the strenuous postwar "neo-realism" that struck the screen with such hammer blows for humanity as Roberto Rossellini's *Open City* and *Paisan*, Vittorio De Sica's *Shoeshine* and *Bicycle Thief*, Luigi Zampa's *To Live in Peace*. Neo-



LOLLOBRIGIDA & DE SICA IN "BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS"

(© G. B. Pirella)



MANGANO



ROSSI-DRAGO



LOREN

realism has died at the box office, and the Italian government has written its epitaph with the charge that it performed "a very bad service to [the] country." In place of facts the Italians are offering figures—the kind that ripen so exquisitely in the Italian sun. And they are offering a kind of beauty new to the U.S. eye—an earth-heavy Italian beauty as rich as roses in an olive dusk.

Moviemani Emanuele Cassuto says of his country's film beauties: "They are beautiful because they stay dumb . . . We pick our gorgeous flowers where we find them . . . in offices, shops, factories, farms, even by the wayside . . . We keep our film actresses in their places, which means we keep them feminine. They have simple tastes. And they have romantic natures."

Few of the new Italian actresses had any notion of acting when they went to work; indeed, the finest actress in Italy, 46-year-old Anna (*Open City*) Magnani, has been so thoroughly overlooked in the girly-burly that she has not made a picture in two years. Six of the new top ten were picked by their directors out of beauty contests. In their films, as a rule, they do not even have to speak; the Italian system of dubbing sound track into a film after the camerawork is done makes it possible, as one director explains, "to put the acting in later"—in somebody else's voice. Says one wag: "An actress in Italy needs only two expressions—horizontal and vertical."

Among the dubbed Duses, these are currently the favorites:

¶ Silvana Manganò (bust 36 in., waist 25 in., hips 35 in.), known as "the Italian Rita Hayworth," really looks more like Ingrid Bergman. The 24-year-old daughter of an Englishwoman and a Sicilian railroad conductor, she stands about 5 ft. 6 in., weighs about 128 lbs., has brown eyes and chestnut hair. Picked as Miss Rome of 1946, she went on to a bit part in a film and a job modeling clothes. She was finally offered the role of the girl who gets attacked by the sadist in *Bitter Rice*. The

salary: \$800. "The day after the picture was released," says an Italian moviemaker, "she was worth \$8,000,000." She promptly married her producer, had a baby, bulged to a maternal 192 lbs. Reluctantly reduced, she played a nun in *Anna* and both Circe and Penelope in *Ulysses*. She owns a Hudson in which one of the seats can be converted into a canasta table.

¶ Silvana Pampanini (37, 24, 36) plays the sort of part Yvonne de Carlo does for Hollywood. The 25-year-old daughter of a Roman typesetter, she stands 5 ft. 8½ in., weighs close to 140, has black hair and green eyes and runs heavily to chest. In 1946 she came in second in the Miss Italy contest. She gets the heaviest fan mail of any Italian actress. Her main complaint: producers always want her to do scenes in the near-nude, "as if I were some kind of prize pig."

¶ Eleonora Rossi-Drago (35, 24, 33), one of the few Italian actresses to whom it has occurred that sex might not be enough, tries sophistication too. She has red hair and green eyes, stands 5 ft. 7 in. and is 28 years old. Because her beauty was marred by a mildly misshapen nose, Eleonora won no beauty contests, had to come up the hard way. She won the La Victoire Prize, the French equivalent of Hollywood's Oscar, in 1954, and about the same time had her nose fixed up by Paris surgeons. "I would give up everything for my career," she says, "and I mean *everything*." She has a speaking voice that would send her back to Genoa if her fans ever got to hear it.

¶ Rossana Podesta (35, 21, 33) stands 5 ft. 4 in., has dark hair and eyes, and is about the nearest thing the Italians have to Terry Moore. Born in Tripoli, North Africa, she wanted to be a doctor until she was discovered by a moviemani in a swimming pool four years ago. Since then she has made 16 pictures. She was signed for the title role in *Helen of Troy*, but her acting did not measure up to her looks. After she blew her lines in 36 takes of a single scene, the picture was changed from a love story to a spectacle, in order



PODESTA

United Press



PAMPANINI

European



WITH HUMPHREY BOGART IN "BEAT THE DEVIL"

For a black-eyed Susan, an iron will and a litigious hobby.

(the word went around) to get more excitement and less Rossana.

¶ Sofia Loren (38, 24, 37), 19, is the youngest of Italy's screen queens. Insiders give some of the credit for her rapid rise to her hard-driving, redheaded Neapolitan mother, who hovers incessantly in the background, pushing her daughter to the front. Honey-blonde Sofia got her start as Miss Rome, went on to dramatic school and a modeling job. She has a thick Neapolitan accent, and in the sultry Roman evenings, loves to turn on the record player, throw off her clothes and dance.

The Cinematic Animal. Gina Lollobrigida (36, 22, 35; 5 ft. 5 in.) does not quite belong in the bouquet. It is true that she was plucked as casually as any of the other gorgeous flowers (a director spotted her on the street), and that she probably has no more talent than it takes for a black-eyed Susan to allure a bee. Beauty she has to a thrilling degree—the helpless beauty of a dark little nymph who seems to wake the satyr in men. But the secret of Gina's success is not beauty, not brains, not even luck. Hers is the first appearance in sunny Italy of a stormy Hollywood phenomenon: the Star Type.

"Gina," says a producer who knows her well, "is the cinematic animal, as specialized as a hunting dog. She is governed by a perfect, sure instinct for what she does. She gets up in the morning and thinks of the movies. She works at them, and at lunch she talks about them. She knows nothing whatever about ordinary little details of life . . . how much a ticket from Rome to Paris costs, or what time the train leaves. She would think nothing of it if you told her you had paid \$500 for a Cadillac. But she knows how much a good scriptwriter should get, or what the going rate is for a technician, or what any given cameraman's strong points are."

Gina has the iron will of the true star personality. She is up at 5 every morning,

works hard until 6 in the evening, studies her part or reads scripts for an hour before bed at 10. She neither smokes nor drinks, never takes a real vacation (studio technicians for *Beat the Devil* called her "Lollofrigida"). On the set, says Director Vittorio De Sica, "Gina is really *brava*." She memorizes the whole script in advance, not just a scene at a time, as the shooting schedule calls for it. She is always on time, always "reacts immediately to advice," says Director René Clair.

Gina is, furthermore, a reluctant girl with a lira. She lives plainly in a small apartment in an unfashionable district with her business-manager husband, a 34-year-old Yugoslav physician named Mirko Skofic (rhymes with so rich), who is now so busy with Gina's career that he has had to give up his medical practice.

Scrapbooks & Broken Families. Gina has a star's compulsive vanity. She has 300 dresses and 70 pairs of shoes, keeps 15 handsome, leather-bound scrapbooks filled with newspaper clippings about Gina; one scrapbook is devoted entirely to observations about her bosom. She will tell anybody who will listen how in 1953 she adorned the covers of 46 magazines—"eight in one week"—and her favorite anecdotes concern the way "I'm always breaking up families." Once, during an elopement scene in *Fanfan*, the actor who was carrying Gina was careless enough to bang her beautiful face into a low-hanging beam. Gina started to scream, stopped almost immediately to ask for a mirror, sat calmly until it arrived, inspected her bloody face and swollen lips, and only then permitted herself to faint.

Gina's most extravagant outbursts of vanity are connected with her hobby: suing people. She has been involved in as many as ten lawsuits at once. Her most famous day in court came when she asked damages from an Italian movie critic who wrote a derogatory review about her

"udder." He and his editor were fined \$176 and costs.

The Crazy Streak. All this temperament is not unusual in a Latin country, but the driving determination is. Where did Gina get it? Her family says it's just "the Lollobrigida crazy streak," which seems to come out in every generation. One of her uncles, for instance, though he was a great poet. A doctor, he wrote all his prescriptions in rhyme, and after office hours rewrote the *Divine Comedy* into a monumental work that he said was better than Dante's. Gina's father once conducted an antiprofanity campaign, had posters printed, and stomped angrily around Rome, pasting them up at major centers of cursing.

At other times Father Lollobrigida was a sensible fellow who owned a small furniture factory, employing 15 workmen, in the little town of Subiaco, about 50 miles east of Rome. There in the Sabine mountains 26 years ago Gina Lollobrigida was born, the second of four daughters. At seven, while playing a glowworm in a school pageant, Gina had her first romance—with an elf, aged nine. Her next flirt, as the Italians say, came when she met "a young businessman from Bologna." But Mother Lollobrigida chased him away because she was determined that Gina should marry a doctor ("It's always handy to have a doctor around the house"). Three of her daughters are now either married or engaged to medical men.

Art & Army Blankets. During the war Gina sang for the Italian troops stationed in Subiaco. But in 1944, after some Allied air attacks, the family moved to Rome. There the Lollobrigidas made a precarious living in black-market cigarettes, C rations and U.S. Army blankets. Part of the time they ate at the local charity kitchen.

Gina worked up a routine of strolling through U.S. Army messes and offering to



GINA, AGED 1
After an elf, the satyrs.

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do portrait sketches of G.I.s, soon had enough money to pay for singing lessons. She also got a scholarship to art school. Alas, she says, one of her instructors fell so violently in love with her classical proportions that the school had to transfer him. Meanwhile, for similar reasons, she was forced to change her singing teacher six times in six months.

She was therefore understandably suspicious when, one day in 1947, a middle-aged man rushed up to her in the street and said (in Gina's English translation): "Do you want to do the cinema?" "Go to the devil," replied Gina. When the fellow protested that he was really Mario Costa, the famous *regista*, she made him show his identity card to prove it. Gina went to work as an extra at about \$3.30 a day, soon rose to be a stand-in for a well-known actress, but was fired, she says, because the star was jealous of Gina's looks.

In 1947, Gina entered a beauty contest, was chosen Miss Rome, ran second in the Miss Italy competition. Two years after that, she married Dr. Skofic, got a showy role in a picture about beauty contests called *Miss Italia*, and an urgent invitation from Hollywood to come quick and take a screen test, all expenses paid. The sender: RKO Boss Howard Hughes, who had just seen a picture of Gina in a bikini.

Into the Down. What happened next (according to Gina—Hughes is not talking) was all a terrible mistake. Gina's story: Hughes sent a T.W.A. plane to Italy, flew her to Hollywood. At the airport she was met by Hughes agents, who shoed reporters away, bundled her into a limousine, hurried her off to "a hotel distant from the center of the city. . . . I discovered I was practically locked in the hotel, unable to get in touch with anyone." All day she endured English lessons, "horrible RKO peectures," rehearsals for her screen test, and the importuning of lawyers, who wanted her to sign a contract written in legal English.

At 2 a.m. Producer Hughes would drop by, order the hotel orchestra to keep right on playing after closing hours, and just the two of them in the darkened ballroom would dance romantically into the dawn. After six weeks of this, Gina broke down, signed "a preliminary piece of paper," flew back to Italy. Hughes has the option still, but Gina insists she will go to Hollywood "only if I get the right sort of contract."

After the Hollywood experience, it was one good part after another in a series of better-than-average Italian films. But the higher she goes, the harder Gina has to work. She and Mirko have formed three corporations to handle her career and investments, and they have permitted themselves only two extravaganzas: a glaring red Lancia Aurelia and a pink stucco villa on Via Appia Antica, right next door to the place where the Empress Poppaea used to take her daily bath in the milk of 300 asses. They have planted 300 trees on the grounds, laid out broad English lawns, strewn the area with ancient paving stones and 3rd century sarcophagi. As she sur-



Ivo Meldolesi

BUSINESS MANAGER SKOFIC & WIFE
Everybody lives calorifically.

veys these domestic comforts (which she can enjoy only on weekends), Gina sighs, not quite convincingly: "I hope that the producers next year will give me time to do a baby."

Tutelage & Torn Pants. Italian moviemakers may give her time for more than that if they are not very careful. The awful truth: the Italian movie industry is just about the craziest thing constructed in Italy since the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and it may fall down and go broke at any moment.

The main trouble: hardly any Italian film makes enough money at the box office to defray production costs. Last year the total deficit was \$15.8 million—nearly a third of the total annual investment in Italian movies. The industry has survived thus far merely because the government awards each picture a subsidy that ranges from 10% to 18% of its box-office gross. In effect, the industry exists on government sufferance and is subject to all the hazards of politics and bureaucracy, as well as to the normal risks of business.

The "crisis" of last spring showed everybody what was what. The government happened to mention that it was considering withdrawal of the film subsidy. Next day almost all production in Italy stopped. Frantic conferences went on for a couple of days. The government announced that it would continue the subsidy. Thereupon, everybody went back to full production. But the government had seen its power and began to use it more vigorously.

Economic and artistic tutelage are only the worst of it. While the general cost of living has multiplied 52 times since 1945,

the cost of making movies has gone up about 95 times. Italian producers now have to compete with prices paid by Hollywood producers, who since 1946 have shot (in whole or in part) a couple of dozen films in Italy. And the stars demand enormous salaries (De Sica really has made \$6,400 a day), because the companies are not sure enough of their financial existence to sign long-term contracts.

Another big trouble is inexperience. The business has expanded so fast that half the people hardly know their jobs yet. When *Ulysses* was supposedly finished and the company disbanded, the cutting room suddenly discovered 23 gaps in the continuity of the film. Extra scenes had to be spliced in at considerable extra cost. Again, when a company was shooting in Sicily, Hollywood's Anthony Quinn tore the pants he had been wearing in all the scenes. It took three days to get another pair from Rome. Meanwhile, the company sat around and did nothing, with the result that the \$3.95 pants cost \$22,000.

Villas & Cadillacs. But while the boom lasts, the Italian movie colony, borrowing from Hollywood in every field, is eating high on the *bel paese*. "California," in Italian, is an adjective meaning luxurious, and calorifically they live today in Rome. The producers sit behind desks as big as pingpong tables, and send their Cadillacs fishtailing through the crooked little Roman streets. The Rossellinis have had as many as nine cars in their garage, and Actor Raf Vallone owns twin Lancias (\$24,000 apiece)—one blue, one grey. Each morning he can pick a car to match his tie.

On the ruins of the tombs built by the

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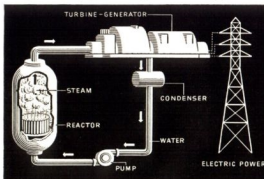
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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Roman patricians of antiquity, the new movie rich are raising some of the world's most expensive homes. Actress Yvonne Sanson can be seen out on the New Apian Way in a "ranch-style villa" with a 600-sq.-ft. living room, walled in glass, in which four huge Gobelin tapestries look like so many postage stamps. Amedeo Nazzari, the Italian Errol Flynn, has a 20-room duplex in Rome furnished with 18th century antiques, and a villa on the Tyrrhenian Sea with a ballroom, rifle range, tennis courts, and a regulation-size soccer field.

On a sunny afternoon half of white-collar Rome strolls down the Via Veneto to see the movie stars at play. There they sit at the dime-size sidewalk tables at Doney's and Rosati's and the Strega, or slouch along the bar at the Excelsior Hotel. There, like swarms of gnats, come the hundreds of little middlemen, promoters, rumor touts and inside-kickers who do the dizzy business of making Italian movies. And in the oleander evenings, while the Roman sky turns blue and gold, the "wasps" (motor scooters) snarl through the Via Veneto, and oldtimers sip their Camparis and indolently speculate on the future.

The Diggers. But "it's fairly hard to worry about the future," as one U.S. moviemaker in Italy explains, "when spaghetti is only a quarter a plate." Besides, there lies beneath the fiscal quicksands some solid ground for the Italians to hope that their movie industry has a commercial if not an artistic future. The sound stages and their equipment are excellent, and Italian technicians are getting better with every picture. Labor is still much cheaper than Hollywood's, and production-distribution deals with France and West Germany have opened new markets to the Italian product; thus far, the Italian government's block on Hollywood dollars in Italy has restrained the U.S. industry from open reprisal against its rising rival in Rome.

This year and next, when the returns from the Italians' big gamble with multi-million-dollar productions come rolling in, will tell the tale. But no matter what the climax, it is sure, in a vital respect, to be an anticlimax. The finest hour of the Italian cinema was rung in with *Open City* (1946) and tolled out with *Umberto D* (1952), and every man of talent in the Italian movie industry knows it. Few are willing to give up the prospect of prosperity, but most are sad and just a little ashamed to see their pictures become more and more Hollywooden.

"There is an old Italian proverb," said one moviemaker last week: "He who digs a grave is the first to fall into it." But as long as the Italians keep finding gold, they are likely to keep digging. When the gold runs out, they may begin to listen to such critics as Neo-Realist Cesare Zavattini, who says: "It is a crime to use this gift of God . . . the film . . . if we don't use our moral conscience and also make films of the real life we see before us. It is like using soap only to make bubbles and never to wash yourself with."

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Many of them have already found SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.



The readers of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will be families who know and enjoy The Golden Age. For SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will bring each week the vision and the reality, the color and the spectacle, of the land we play in . . . where people live, act, and sometimes dream—The Golden Age.

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FIRST ISSUE

AUGUST 16, 1954

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OUT THIS WEEK

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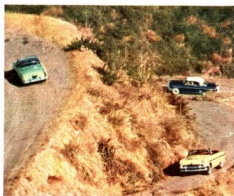


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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Good-Luck Kick

Every Wednesday night, Bill Cullen plays a parlor game in Manhattan. Then he flies to Los Angeles to play a parlor game there on Thursday nights. Then he flies back to New York to spend four hours chatting on NBC-Radio. For these and similar radio-TV chores, Master of Ceremonies Cullen earns about \$150,000 a year. He says wonderingly: "I guess I'm the luckiest guy in the world."

Sugar & Cooustic. Fifteen years in the industry have honed Bill Cullen to the supersharpeness required of a good M.C. His patter is sometimes irrelevant, but it is always fast; his smile gleams as brightly as the lens of his eyeglasses; and, whatever else may happen, he is never



BILL CULLEN
He finally stopped screaming.

speechless. In making his way up to a top network job, 34-year-old Bill Cullen has closely analyzed his profession and decided that there are three kinds of masters of ceremonies: "There's the Droler, who sugars out 'God bless you' and that sort of stuff; there's the caustic guy; and then there's the man in the middle, who is neither."

Though he aims at being the man in the middle, Cullen thinks he has not quite hit it yet: "A few years ago, I was pretty disagreeable. To avoid the droling, I'd bite 'em. I did it too much. Groucho Marx can get away with it but me, I couldn't. I'm not that good." But if he has to choose, Cullen would rather be snide than syrupy. He has had to lick another tendency—overenthusiasm: "You know, Bert Parks and John Reed King started this routine of building up a climax and shouting at the correct answer, screaming 'That's right! That's right!' I got over that, finally."

Cullen credits most of his good luck to a disaster that struck him at the age of 18 months. A polio attack left him with a permanent limp. Always drama-minded, Bill decided that radio "was the one place that a ham like me—and, believe me, I'm a ham—could limp and still get a job." He started as an unpaid announcer at Pittsburgh's station WWSW. Within five years, he was getting \$300 a week. In 1944, he headed for New York and CBS: "But I don't kid myself. All the good announcers were overseas in service, so I got the job." Because of his limp, he shied away from TV until 1952, when he became a panelist on CBS-TV's *I've Got a Secret*, "where I could sit down."

Serious & Sad. Cullen underestimated TV cameramen. On *Place the Face* he is continuously on his feet, but few viewers are aware of his feat. Says Cullen: "To show you how good the camera work is, I've had people stop me on the street and say, 'Hey, Bill, what happened to your leg?' like it happened over the weekend."

Next week, while Bert Parks is on vacation, Cullen will fill in for him on ABC-TV's *Break the Bank*. A week later he will start on the CBS-Radio version of *Stop the Music*. Next month, when *Place the Face* leaves the air, he will move to a new M.C. job on CBS-TV's *Name That Tune*. He has a filmed TV question-and-answer show called *Professor Yes 'n' No* that is seen in 30 cities, and coming up this fall is another radio show with Arlene Francis.

While in transcontinental flight between quizzes, Cullen sometimes broods about his work: "I think to myself: here I play parlor games on Wednesday night, parlor games on Thursday night, and merely chat all afternoon Saturday—for this I get three grand a week! You can't help but realize that it's all pretty useless." But this mood is infrequent: "Mostly, I try not to take myself seriously because when I do, I get sad. I've got no beefs. I'm just a guy who's on a good-luck kick and I hope it lasts."

The Alternative

"I shall be accused of being a highbrow, but that just can't be helped." With these defensive words, Chairman of the Arts Council Sir Kenneth Clark last week accepted the chairmanship of Britain's Independent Television Authority, whose job is to bring the first commercial TV to a nation long accustomed to the often soporific British Broadcasting Corp. Sir Kenneth, 51, was formerly director of the National Gallery, Slade professor of Fine Art at Oxford, and a wartime member of the Ministry of Information. His six-man board is equally highbrow and includes ex-Teacher Margaret Popham, who does not even own a TV set ("I don't find most of the programs interesting enough").

Sir Kenneth concedes that "practically



"Oh, no—not again!"

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no member of the Authority knows much about television. We have no offices, no staff and no equipment. We are starting from the bottom upwards, not even from the floor up, but from the earth." Even so, ITA hopes to have three transmitters telecasting within a year. The commercial TV shows will be created by specially licensed "program contractors" who, after buying air time from ITA, may then sell advertising space to sponsors. The commercials will be limited to the beginning and end of shows, or during a "natural" break in the program, but sponsors may not give the impression that they are responsible for bringing the show to viewers, nor may they have any say as to what sort of program surrounds their commercial.

Sir Kenneth aims at providing an alternative—not a competitive—service to BBC. He does not believe that ITA will draw any inspiration from commercial television in the U.S. "What I saw there was pretty hair-raising," he says. "People do say they have very good things in the U.S. Perhaps I struck it unlucky."

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Aug. 12. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Stars in Jazz (Fri. 9 p.m., NBC). With Louis Armstrong, Count Basie.

Horse Racing (Sat. 5:15 p.m., ABC). The Travers Stakes, from Saratoga.

Church of the Air (Sun. 10 a.m., CBS). India's Right Rev. C. K. Jacob, Bishop of Central Travancore.

World Music Festivals (Sun. 1:05 p.m., CBS). Nine excerpts from *Hamlet*, performed at Elsinore, Denmark, by the Old Vic.

Weekend (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC). Two-hour review of the week's news, with Earl Godwin, John Lardner, Elmo Roper.

Hollywood Bowl Concerts (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC).

TELEVISION

Four-Star Playhouse (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Charles Boyer in *Moorings*.

Ford Theater (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., NBC). *The Ming Lame*, with Howard Duff, Angela Lansbury.

Kraft TV Theater (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., ABC). *The Bishop Misbehaves*, with Bramwell Fletcher, Nydia Westman.

Chronoscope (Fri. 11 p.m., CBS). Guest: Gabriel Hauge, economic adviser to President Eisenhower.

Saturday Night Review (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). Eddie Albert, with Alan Young, Pat Carroll, Betty Bruce.

Now and Then (Sun. 6 p.m., CBS). Dr. Frank Baxter explores the world's literary heritage.

TV Recital Hall (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). Pianist Ania Dorfmann.

U.S. Steel Hour (Tues. 9:30 p.m., ABC). *The Grand Tour*, with Zachary Scott, Julie Hayden.

The Blue Angel (Tues. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Orson Bean, with Comedian Jimmy Komak.

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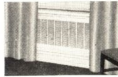
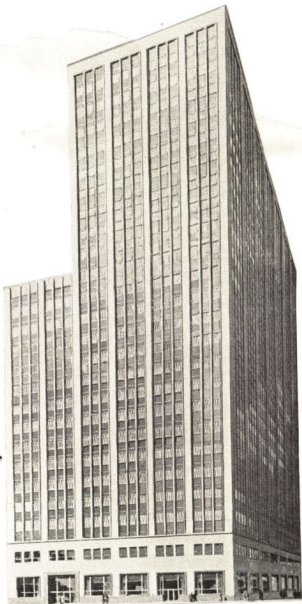
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TIME, AUGUST 16, 1934

ART

A Vision of Life

One of Mexico's greatest modern painters, old (70) Francisco Goitia, sat beside deathbeds to catch the last gasp of unwilling models. Diego Rivera sketched during all-night vigils in the Tarascan graves near Tzintzuntzan. And David Siqueiros was perhaps at his best when quartering and Duco-painting a heroic Cuauhtémoc in his death throes. Last week the U.S. got a good look at the work of a new Mexican artist, José Luis Cuevas, who sometimes plays truant from the embalmer's school of Mexican art.

Young (21) Painter Cuevas strayed only as far as the insane asylum, the charity hospital and the slums. With an economy of fuzzy line, scratched on paper with almost hairless brushes, he powerfully portrayed the hunched reticence of schizophrenia, the hauteur of megalomania, the stares of poverty and disease. His show of 43 ink drawings and watercolors at Washington's Pan American Union caused one old lady to ask: "How can you be so young and so morbid?" To this often repeated question, Cuevas replies flatly: "My interest in the dying and the insane is my vision of modern life."

Artist Cuevas professes to be untutored and uninfluenced—except for his admiration of José Clemente Orozco and Rufino Tamayo. He dismisses the other Mexican masters, Diego Rivera and David Siqueiros, with a shrug: "They died several years ago, and what is left are the politics and the public relations."

The son of a Mexico City airline pilot, Cuevas discovered his genre at ten, when



Walter Bennett

ARTIST CUEVAS & DRAWING
Also a dead rabbit.

he found a dead rabbit, gutted it and sketched its entrails. He tried oils at 13 but soon abandoned them for ink and watercolors, roamed the streets in dungarees, sketching the poor and infirm. An elder brother, studying to be a psychiatrist, got him permission to visit insane asylums for his studies.

At the Pan American Union last week,

Cuevas' show was a sellout at \$20 to \$50 a sketch. One Manhattan dealer sold several, sight unseen, by long-distance telephone. Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art took one look at the show's catalogue and reserved two of the most impressive asylum studies.

Painter Cuevas, present at his show, was not as excited about Washington as Washington was about him. He found the city too orderly and antiseptic for inspiration. But Cuevas managed to escape, spent some time at St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the mentally ill, sketching.

Cathay's Treasure

Travelers to Venice last week found themselves in the midst of a major celebration honoring history's most successful travel-book author—Marco Polo. For the 700th anniversary of his birth, the city which once offered at his fantastic tales of the Orient* gathered from eleven countries (not including Red China) an exhibition of 951 pieces of Chinese art that would have awed even Marco Polo himself.

While scholars pored over Polo family documents, including Marco's will, 500 tourists a day filed through the Doges' Palace to look at priceless works in bronze, jade, ceramics, textiles and lacquers, dating from the Yin dynasty (1766-1122 B.C.) to the Ming dynasty (A.D. 1368-1644).

Largest in the exhibit was the ceramics

* In 1298 while a prisoner of war in Genoa, Marco Polo dictated *The Description of the World*, his account of "the diversities of kingdoms, provinces, and regions of all parts of the East." A copy annotated by Christopher Columbus is in the Biblioteca Capitolina Colombiana in Seville.

VISIONARIES' CAPITAL

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY ERIC SCHAAL

*In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this 'second Rome'
... This embryo capital, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which second-sighted seers ev'n now adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn
Though naught but woods and Jefferson they see,
Where streets should run and sages ought to be.*

IRISH Poet Thomas Moore composed this rhymed rasp-berry on a visit to Washington in 1804. During the century and a half since then, the seers Moore sneered at have been vindicated. Washington is still a long way from the condition of Imperial Rome—where the inanimate populace came at last to exceed the animate—but it does have a kind of grandeur. Some 5,000,000 U.S. tourists look their capital over each summer, and have reason to come away content.

George Washington himself picked the site of the city, not far up-river from his own estate. He appointed a French-born hero of the American Revolution, Major Pierre Charles l'Enfant, to draw up the plans, and l'Enfant, luckily, was a visionary. The major conceived a city of "magnificent vistas" laid out "on such a scale as to leave room for that aggrandizement and embellishment which the increase of wealth of the nation will permit it to pursue to any period, however remote."

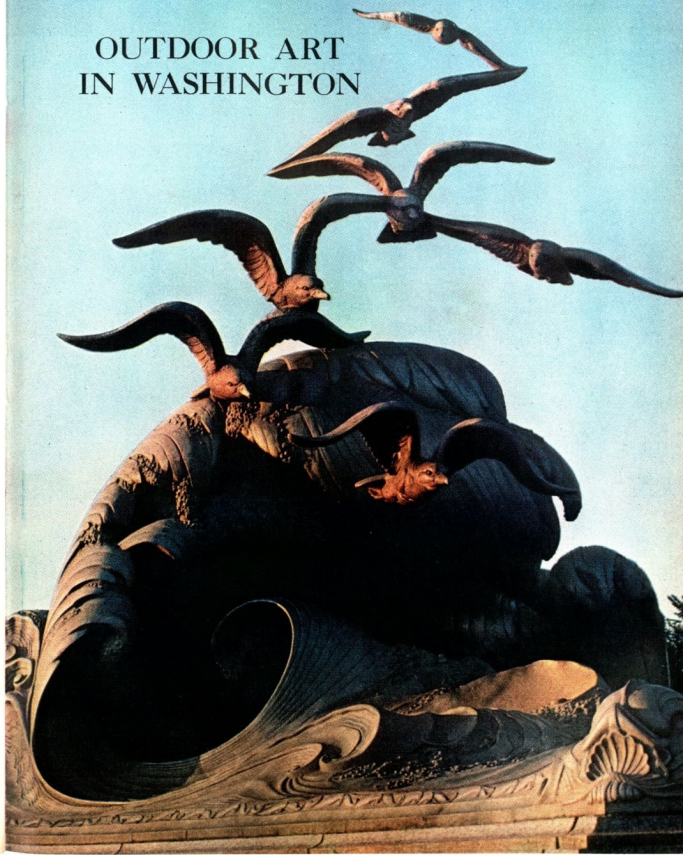
Most of the city remained malarial swampland for close to a century. As recently as 1910, Speaker "Uncle Joe" Cannon

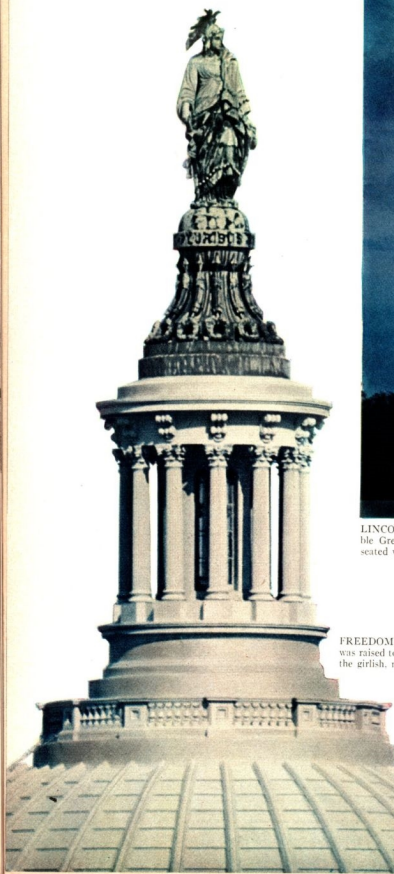
protested against putting the Lincoln Memorial where it now stands, on the grounds that it would surely collapse of loneliness and age-fever. Only in the past 50 years has the capital begun to live up to l'Enfant's plans.

With some 700 monuments and public buildings now in use, Washington is still deep in the process of "aggrandizement and embellishment," and, in a way, Washington is still self-conscious. Monuments do not seem to fit naturally into American cities, whose real monuments, perhaps, are their practical, restlessly growing buildings; the capital's deliberate bronze and marble grandeur is not part of American life in the same sense that St. Peter's Square with its gossiping Roman housewives or Paris' Luxembourg Gardens with its baby carriages are part of Europe's. Most of Washington's open-air sculptures, such as Begni del Piatta's baroque memorial on the Potomac (*opposite*), are just handsome. A handful, such as Augustus Saint-Gaudens' quiet *Grief* (p. 72), merit long study. What Saint-Gaudens meant to express, according to recent research, was not grief at all but "the intellectual acceptance of the inevitable." The capital as a whole attests the fact that Washington, l'Enfant, and a host of later men foresaw the inevitable greatness of the U.S., accepted it, and planned accordingly.

ALUMINUM GULLS skim aluminum wave in Navy and Marine Memorial by Begni del Piatta.

OUTDOOR ART
IN WASHINGTON





LINCOLN MEMORIAL, dedicated in 1922, was built to resemble Greek temple, Homespun figure of the Great Emancipator seated within is work of New England's Daniel Chester French.

FREEDOM, by Manhattan Sculptor Thomas Crawford, was raised to summit of Capitol dome in 1863. From afar the girlish, misty green figure looms vague but splendid.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT, between Lincoln Memorial and Capitol, is world's tallest masonry structure, symbolizes strength through union.





HENRY ADAMS' memorial to his wife, by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, is landmark of Rock Creek Cemetery.



ANDREW JACKSON statue in Lafayette Square, by Sculptor Clark Mills, was cast in bronze from cannon captured by Jackson in the War of 1812.

UNION CAVALRY is part of the 252-ft.-long Grant Memorial.

Washington's biggest piece of statuary, at west entrance of Capitol.



display. It included funerary furniture—glazed terra-cotta figures from the tombs of well-heeled gentlemen of old Cathay who had wished to insure themselves an afterlife of ease and luxury with plentiful concubines. In such art the Chinese were rigorously realistic, rendering a man as a man and a horse as a horse, but with their porcelains they showed a subtle fairy fragility. Some of the pure white cups, plates and vases of the Tang dynasty (A.D. 618-907) had that beautiful simplicity which inspired the sages to say that their perfection was the work of nature rather than of man. More numerous than the Tang pieces were Ming blue and white porcelains, decorated with dragons



Collection, Hans Jurgen von Lohow

YIN DYNASTY WINE CUP

Also flowers and sundry monsters.

and floral designs whose blues were as luminous as sapphires.

Many of the 130 paintings were as esoteric to the ordinary visitor as Chinese calligraphy. Among the most popular were the great Sung master Ma Yuan's fan-shaped *Two Sages and an Attendant Under a Plum Tree*, and a misty mountain-and-river scene in black ink and dainty colors, like dilute pastels, by the 17th century master, K'un Ts'an.

Venice's greatest triumph was a display of 163 ritual bronzes, semiabstractions of dragons and sundry monsters, mellowed by the patina of the centuries. It was the age of the pieces, dating back to the Yin dynasty, that most impressed the non-expert art lovers. But it was their forms, especially one unique three-legged *chüeh* (wine goblet) of the Yin period, that delighted the connoisseurs. Said Florence's aged (89) art oracle, Expatriate Bernard Berenson: "The best collection of Chinese bronzes ever brought together under one roof in Europe."



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THE PRESS

Door Slammed

The constitution of the 27,000-member American Newspaper Guild, C.I.O., provides that no one shall be barred from guild membership "by reason of age, sex, race, national origin, religious or political conviction." That provision has always prevented the guild from slamming the door on Communist members. Last week at its annual convention in Los Angeles, the guild passed a resolution to amend its constitution, barring from membership "any proven or admitted member of the Communist Party." Explained Guild President Joseph F. Collis: "Membership in the Communist Party represents more than a political conviction and is in fact participation in an international conspiracy to destroy the freedoms we uphold."

Lord High Publisher

In Japan, where the literacy rate is probably the highest in the world (98%), newspapers are big and often sensational. For a story that may make bright reading, it is not unusual for editors to dispatch their own planes, huge task forces of reporters and hundreds of carrier pigeons to bring bulletins back.

In all Japan no single daily is as big as the Tokyo edition of *Yomiuri*® (circ. 2,100,000). And no publisher is more flamboyant than *Yomiuri*'s swaggering, marble-domed Matsutaro Shoriki, 69, who also owns eight big magazines and Japan's only commercial TV network. Once, for a lively story, Publisher Shoriki sent a team of reporters "down as far as you possibly dare" into an offshore volcano crater. When they returned and reported that the crater was full of the bodies of suicides, Shoriki built a platform overlooking the crater, ran excursion boats to the site and watched *Yomiuri*'s circulation climb with the suicide rate. Such spectacular journalism has made Shoriki the most successful publisher in the country and earned him the reputation among Western newsmen as "the Hearst of Japan."

In Tokyo last week guidebooks heralded a monument Publisher Shoriki had raised to himself. He opened a 436-ft. TV tower, one of the tallest structures in the city, equipped with an elevator so that sightseers can "get a view of Tokyo equal to the birds." Said Publisher Shoriki matter-of-factly: "The people of Japan expect Shoriki to do things bigger and better than anyone else."

A Modest Pamphlet. Shoriki has been fulfilling such great expectations ever since he abruptly cut short his career as deputy police chief in Tokyo in 1924 after an assassin almost succeeded in killing the prince regent (now Emperor). Says Sho-

riki, who was held responsible for the inadequate guard: "Instead of committing hara-kiri, I bought a newspaper." With borrowed money he purchased tiny (circ. 40,000), struggling *Yomiuri*, which means "reading for sale," cashed in on his police experience by getting the most sensational crime coverage in Tokyo. He added a pioneering radio section and the comics. In four years *Yomiuri*'s circulation increased fivefold. Then Shoriki discovered "base bolu."

From the U.S. he imported such big-league stars as Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and Jimmy Foxx, reported every move they made in *Yomiuri*. On one tour Ruth hit 18 home runs. Says Shoriki: "Every smack boosted circulation." (Later, Shoriki started the Japanese baseball league,



Kay Tateishi

PUBLISHER SHORIKI
Instead of hara-kiri, base bolu.

now led by his own *Yomiuri* Giants.) From the U.S. he also imported the moneymaking journalistic ideas of his good friend, the late William Randolph Hearst.⁹

As World War II approached, Shoriki nimbly changed his pro-American ways, boomed *Yomiuri*'s circulation to a million by making the paper Japan's most powerful journalistic voice for expansion and militarism. At war's end, Shoriki busied himself with another project: a 29-page pamphlet titled *Matsutaro Shoriki's Character and Career*. Said an explanatory note: "This pamphlet has been written by his friends so the American consul will fully understand his character and career in case he is indicted as a war-criminal suspect." The pamphlet failed. In 1945 U.S. occupation forces locked up Shoriki for 21 months as a war criminal for his

9 Next biggest Tokyo dailies: *Mainichi* (circ. 1,900,000) and *Asahi* (1,600,000). Regional editions, published all over Japan, give them a combined total circulation of about 8,000,000. By comparison, *Yomiuri*'s circulation outside Tokyo is small (600,000).

10 To whom Shoriki once presented a suit of samurai armor. In return, Hearst sent Shoriki three bison, which were condemned as "American propaganda" during World War II and put to death as "ferocious animals."

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plete interchangeability of parts. Also incorporated are such proven GF features as the smooth, long-wearing Velvolum writing top, the 30" depth, the full-bodied gray gloss enamel finish and anodized aluminum trim, pedestal units completely sound-deadened and ready for concealed wiring, and completely flexible drawer arrangements.

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THE WORLD OVER



militaristic journalism but never brought him to trial.

Adjustable. When Shoriki was released, he set up an office a block from his bombed-out building, ate tomato-and-cucumber sandwiches by the dozens and ice cream by the gallons while editors marched through for their instructions. In 1951 the Japanese Peace Treaty made his ownership of the paper legal, and Shoriki got back full control of *Yomiuri* and its rebuilt plant.

Shoriki, who has always adjusted his politics to the hard facts of selling papers, has returned to plugging U.S.-Japanese friendship. Bitterly anti-Communist, he fills *Yomiuri* with such features as U.S. baseball news, New York stock-market tables, women's columns and elaborate news of Japan's growing movie industry. To charges from critics that he has at varying times taken "influence" money from the Japanese government, the Nazis, the U.S. Government or William Randolph Hearst, Publisher Shoriki has a typically cocky answer. Says he: "If you have enough ideas, you don't need nearly as much money."

Careless Lumping

The U.S. Communist press operates on the racist proposition that a Negro can do no wrong, an assumption that is as offensive to most U.S. Negroes as its racist opposite. But last week Entertainment Columnist David Platt of Manhattan's Communist *Daily Worker* discovered that no party-liner dares wander from that particular line, even for an instant. In printing a list of "lavatory literature," i.e., pocket-size picture magazines published by the "capitalist press," Critic Platt made the mistake of including *Jet*, the breezy Negro weekly (TIME, Sept. 22, 1952) that can lift a skirt with the best of them (e.g., *People Today*, *Bold*, *Temper*). Platt was promptly brought to task by a letter from a couple of *Worker* readers accusing him of a "sectarian, white-chauvinist error."

In the *Worker* last week, Platt shamefacedly confessed his sin. Wrote he: "I very carelessly lumped the tabloid weekly *Jet* with the others. Deplorable as it sounds, I never even looked through *Jet* until today. What happened was this: I was lurching at a newsstand and saw this title displayed together with others, and I jumped to the conclusion that they were all alike . . . Now that I have had a chance to look through *Jet*, I can see that it is quite different from the others." Then Platt confessed the worst sin of all: "Frankly speaking, I did not know at the time I wrote my piece that *Jet* was a Negro magazine."

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Vol. I, No. 1

Out to 350,000 charter subscribers and to newstands all over the U.S. this week go half a million copies of Time Inc.'s new weekly magazine: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, "a weekly recital in words and pictures of . . . the Wonderful World of Sport." Printed in Chicago and Los Angeles and published every Thursday, the new 25¢



EDITOR JAMES
Into a new Golden Age.

magazine (\$7.50 a year) has a full-color picture of a night baseball game in Milwaukee's County Stadium on the cover of its first issue. Inside are articles on everything from "The Battle of the Bubble Gum" ("The weapons are baseball players, the prize, millions of young Americans") to "The New Golden Age of Sport," a survey by the editors, who found that in sports "the Fabulous '50s are likely to replace the Golden '20s."

Under Managing Editor Sidney L. James, former assistant managing editor of LIFE, 50 editorial staffers put together a book packed with color pictures, features and spot sports news. This week's lead story: an account of the British Empire Games in Vancouver, B.C. (see SPORT). SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's regular departments include "Pat on the Back" ("Praise for those not already smothered with it"), "You Should Know" ("If you are going to buy a puppy"), "Yesterday" ("When a pretty filly, Goldsmith Maid, was the belle of the sporting world"), "Under 21" ("Some wonderful things can be done with a boomerang"). Among the new magazine's regular contributors: Tennis Player Bill Talbert, Sport Writer Red Smith, Football Grandee Herman Hickman, Nature Humorist John ("Tex") O'Reilly, Novelist and Boxing Impresario Budd Schulberg.

Even before the name of the magazine was announced last month, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED received 250,000 subscription orders, completely sold out the advertising space in its first 144-page issue. It now has orders from more than 200 companies for \$1.3 million worth of ads. Says Publisher H.H.S. Phillips Jr., former advertising director of TIME: "When we were working out the idea of a weekly sports magazine, there was a good deal of doubt felt in all quarters. There's not much doubt left now. We're off to one of the fastest starts in the history of publishing."



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Few "packages" take such a beating as cotton pick sacks, dragged through fields with up to 65-lb. loads. Bemis has tripled pick sack wear with a coating of a special plastisol. In a test, a filled Bemis pick sack was dragged 21 miles before wearing through. An ordinary bag lasted 7 miles. Do you need an armor-plated package?

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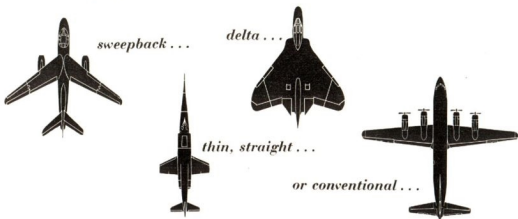
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BALLAST

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shaped Douglas X-3—though bigger than a DC-3 transport—has a wingspan smaller than a DC-3's tail.

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EDUCATION

Academic Frontier

In the 35 years since he first left China, Author Lin Yutang (*The Importance of Living*) has become a familiar figure in international literary circles—an intellectual nomad to whom "all the world is home." But last week Author Lin was packing up his books and belongings to return to the Far East. He not only has an important new post to fill but a mission to perform. As the first chancellor of Singapore's new Nanyang (South Seas) University, he will be in a position to strike a blow at Red China's campaign for the minds of Asia's non-Communist students.

The 3,000,000 Chinese citizens of Singapore and Malaya have long been worried



AUTHOR LIN YUTANG
To preserve a heritage.

about that campaign. Each year, between 200 and 300 students, unable to get into such places as the Universities of Malaya and Hong Kong, succumb to the blandishments of the Communists and go off to school in Red China. The Communists offer them everything from free books to free clothes. "And so," says Lin, "parents never see their children again. It is very sad." Last year, under the leadership of Rubber Tycoon Tan Lark-sye and Lien Ying-chow, managing director of Singapore's Overseas Union Bank, the city's merchants and businessmen began raising money for a new university, decided on Lin Yutang as chancellor because of his international prestige. By last week, Nanyang University had 20 million Singapore dollars (about \$7,000,000 U.S.). Swarms of engineers, surveyors and carpenters were already hard at work on its buildings.

When Nanyang opens in the fall of 1955, it will have only three colleges: arts, science and business. But eventually,

its founders hope it will be an intellectual center for all of free Southeast Asia. With a cosmopolitan faculty, Chancellor Lin and Sponsors Tan and Lien are agreed that the student body should be interracial. As such, they think, Nanyang may well become free China's academic frontier, the conservator of its culture, its link with the West. "I say this humbly," says Tan, "but into the diverse cultures of the South Seas—Burma, Thailand, Indo-China—it was the culture and civilization of China that brought the rule of law, of ethics, the written language. We want to preserve this, to give our children a chance to learn and study this heritage. And we want others, if they wish, to be able to do the same."

Adds Banker Lien: "There has been so much suspicion, so much misunderstanding, between East and West in the past. But perhaps, by bringing the two into close contact, we can bridge, or even eliminate, our misunderstandings."

"We Pay Our Way"

In spite of the fact that the tax-exempt foundations were denied their day in court, they have nevertheless put up a strong defense against the mishmash of charges made before the Reece committee (*TIME*, June 21 *et seq.*). Both the Carnegie and the Ford Foundations have submitted sworn statements. Last week, on behalf of the Rockefeller Foundation and the General Education Board, President Dean Rusk sent in his. Among the "bizarre innuendoes" he chose to refute:

¶ That the foundations were responsible for some sort of "revolution" that began in the early '30s. This charge was made by the committee's research director, Norman Dodd, who, says Rusk, blandly ignored the influence of the Great Depression and two world wars. "Since the foundations have been charged with some undefined responsibility for an increase in the powers and functions of government, surely it is relevant that war and depression brought about an increased exercise of power by both the executive and legislative arms of the national Government under the Constitution. Surely it is also relevant that, while some measures adopted by government during these decades were abandoned, others have continued, despite changes in party control. . . . In any event, a number of allegations heard in the course of these hearings appear to be directed, not at foundations, but at the executive, legislative and judicial branches of the Government and at the electorate. We must strongly protest any attempt to involve our two non-political organizations in questions which are so basically political. . . ."

¶ That the foundations have not adequately supported "pro-American" projects and organizations. "If we think," says Rusk, "not of institutions, but of the kinds of work performed or supported, again we believe that our two foundations have contributed immeasurable bene-

AIR-MAZING FACTS

BY O.SOGLOW



SCIENCE DISCOVERS TIDES IN ATMOSPHERE!

Isaac Newton suspected there were tides in the atmosphere—modern science proved it! By intricate measurements, scientists have succeeded in establishing that there are tides in the atmosphere that rise and fall due to the pull of the moon just like the tides in the sea.



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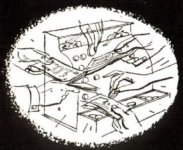
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Vincent J. Coyle, Vice President & Managing Dir.
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fits to our country. We mention, but do not emphasize, that a very large portion of our funds has been spent in the United States. We would suppose that a 35-year campaign against yellow fever was pro-American and that those who gave their lives in the foundation's successful fight against this pestilence served America, as well as the rest of mankind, as truly as did the soldier who gave his life in battle . . . It does not diminish America's gain to know that others benefitted as well, nor does it subtract from the end result to know that the impetus came from a desire to 'promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world.'

¶ That the foundations have an "internationalist" bias. "We find it puzzling to be called upon to defend what seems to us to be so obvious, that American scholarship should encompass other cultures and that educated Americans should know something about the world in which they live."

¶ That the foundations have placed too much emphasis on "empirical" studies and the social sciences. "The relation between empirical studies and fundamental or general principle is an intellectual issue which is as old as man himself . . . It is not a question which any foundation . . . can or should referee or decide . . . Nor is it, we submit, a matter under the jurisdiction of the Congress."

¶ That the foundations deprive the Government of too much tax revenue. "The activities of such agencies as endowed foundations make an important contribution to the economic structure upon which Government finance must rest. If, for example, the support of economic research makes it possible for both business leadership and Government to . . . sustain a high and steady national production, the benefit to the public purse is obvious. It is even more obvious that the virtual elimination of yellow fever, the sharp reduction in malaria and hookworm, have direct economic benefits . . . The Rockefeller Foundation and the General Education Board are large net contributors to, and not charges upon, our national wealth and public treasury. We believe that we clearly pay our way."

Brainstormer

On a dozen campuses across the U.S. last week, groups of Air Force officers were gathered to thrash out plans for next year's R.O.T.C. program, and sooner or later most of the groups came to a strange new subject: the ideas and methods of a man named Alex F. Osborn. By profession, Osborn is neither an airman, educator, nor psychologist. Nevertheless, he seems destined to have a hand in the training of the nation's air reserve. For the past two years he has been waging a one-man crusade to get U.S. education to teach creative imagination. Last week—with the blessings of the Air University in Montgomery, Ala.—A.F.R.O.T.C. instructors from Stanford to the University of North Carolina were discussing ways to incorporate some of Osborn's ideas into their courses on problem solving.

Of all educational crusades, Osborn's

has been one of the most curious. A soft-spoken teacher-turned-adman (Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn), he has become convinced that education pays too little attention to imagination, and he has taken it upon himself to do something about it. Last year he wrote a textbook called *Applied Imagination* (Scribner; \$3.75), drew up a special teacher's manual to go with it. Since then he has been writing to hundreds of educators and industrialists, has spoken often at workshops and banquets. Though some campuses have dismissed his course as a bit on the brash side, he has managed to chalk up an impressive record. His ideas have been taken over in whole or in part everywhere from the University of Buffalo and Drake University to Boston University and



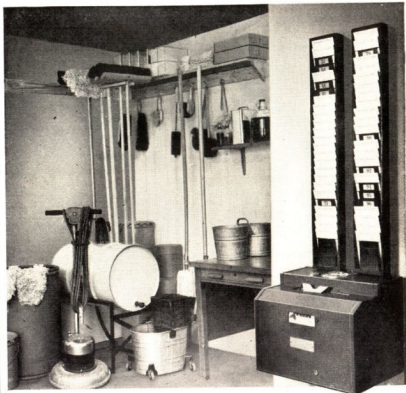
ADMAN OSBORN
Garbuts are a cigames.

M.I.T. from General Electric and the B.F. Goodrich Co. to the A.F.R.O.T.C.

As Universal as Memory. Osborn's main idea is a simple one. "There is," says he, "overwhelming proof that imagination is as universal as memory." The only trouble is that most people never get a chance to find out how creative they can be. The whole purpose of Osborn's course is not to turn out Einsteins, but to provide ordinary people with a number of hints and devices for giving their imaginations full play.

In tackling a problem, says Osborn, a student must first learn to suspend the "judicial" part of his mind, for nothing is more inhibiting to the free play of ideas than to stop after each one and say: "No, that's no good." Once a person has accumulated a "pile of alternatives," he can then make a decision. Meanwhile, he must indulge in a process called "brainstorming"—letting ideas pour out, no matter how preposterous.

Rearrangement & Reversal. In his text, Osborn tries to make students aware of a whole range of ways to confront a



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PROOF



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problem creatively (e.g., the possibilities
of rearrangement, reversing the order,
picking out similarities and contrasts,
thinking up other uses and improve-
ments). But mostly, he just wants stu-
dents to "storm." A teacher might hold
up a pencil and demand: "How many
different uses can this be put to?" (Possible
answers: to prop open a window,
serve as the mast of a toy sailboat.) Or
he might ask for different titles for *Ham-
let* (e.g., *Good Night, Sweet Prince; The
Gloomy Dane; The Play's the Thing*).
Students must coin words (e.g., for butts
and ashes left in an ashtray: buttage, gar-
butts, cigamess), think up new inventions
(e.g., an automatic bedmaker, a suitcase
with rollers on the bottom), write 100-
word short stories, answer such questions
as: "A man living on the 22nd floor could
take his automatic elevator all the way
down but not all the way up. Why?"

Far-fetched as some of these exercises
might sound Osborn has found that they
give students a chance they might other-
wise never get to limber up their imagina-
tions. With that in mind, he intends to
spend the rest of his life on his crusade.
He has started a Creative Education
Foundation in Buffalo, hopes eventually
to storm the ramparts of the U.S. teach-
ers' colleges. For far too long, says he,
educators have blithely assumed that
creativity cannot be taught. "What I want to
do is to create a new attitude of mind."

Report Card

¶ In the wake of a similar decision by
the Louisiana legislature (TIME, July 19),
Governor Hugh White of Mississippi an-
nounced that he too would lean on the
police power of his state to get around the
U.S. Supreme Court's decision against seg-
regation in the public schools. "I am," said
he, "going to see this thing through to
make certain that Negroes never enter the
white schools."

¶ Appointment of the week: the Very
Rev. William A. Donaghy, 44, to succeed
the Very Rev. John A. O'Brien as presi-
dent of the Jesuits' 111-year-old College
of the Holy Cross (enrollment 1,850) in
Worcester, Mass. A white-maned man
with a taste for track, poetry and Beetho-
ven ("After Beethoven and Toscanini,
what is there?"), Donaghy joined the So-
ciety of Jesus after his sophomore year at
Holy Cross, took his M.A. in 18th century
poetry at St. Louis University, served as
associate editor of the Roman Catholic
magazine *America*, for the last three years
has been Superior of the Campion Hall
retreat in North Andover, Mass. His phi-
losophy of education: "It must tell the
student what to be as well as what to
do. It fails if it merely fills the head
with theory and fits the hand to tech-
nique, while neglecting altogether his
heart. It is not sufficient to teach him
to do well and make a fortune, while
keeping a resolute silence on his destiny
to do good and save his soul."

© One answer: the man was a midget, could
reach button No. 1, but not up to button
No. 22.



The "crop" that a drill brought in

How an oil strike in a wheat field—and Northwestern Bank—help build the business climate of the booming Northwest

Experts are betting that 2½ billion barrels of oil will be recovered from the Northwest's famed Williston Basin . . . or 13½ barrels for every man, woman and child in the U.S.A. We at Northwestern National Bank are happy to be helping with the harvest.

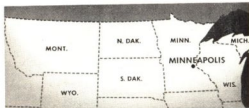
This bonanza underlies 118,000 acres of rich wheat and ranch land. Yet it's just one of many activities that are making the Northwest boom.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Automakers' Troubles

For months almost everyone has known that Chrysler has been having its troubles (TIME, Jan. 25). Last week Board Chairman K. T. Keller and President Lester Lum ("Tex") Colbert told the worst. In the first half of 1954, they reported, Chrysler sales dropped 42% to \$1.1 billion, while earnings dipped 64% to \$1.81 a share. Directors forthwith chopped the quarterly dividend rate in half, to 75¢. Keller and Colbert indicated that third-quarter results would be no better, due to shutdowns for new model changes.

As stock traders rushed to unload, Chrysler broke 5½ points to 59½, led the Dow-Jones industrial average down more than eight points (to 339.64) before the market steadied, closed at 343.06. In one hectic day, New York Stock Exchange volume soared to 3,347,040 shares, second highest of the year.

Chrysler was not alone in its troubles; from independent automakers last week came more evidence of 1954's rugged competition. Packard reported a \$2,794,400 loss in the first half of the year. Its new partner, Studebaker, which lost \$8,925,800 in the same period, last week asked its workers to take a pay cut of about 15% from the average \$2.37 hourly rate (p. \$2.00 for the Big Three). Against the wishes of their leaders, U.A.W. rank-and-filers voted it down. Studebaker threatened to cancel its contract with the union in 60 days and close its South Bend factory unless they were reconsidered.

Elsewhere there were encouraging business symptoms:

¶ Building outlays in July hit a record



STOCKHOLDER STATLER
She got her choice.

\$3.5 billion, up 6% from 1953. Private-housing's share: \$1.2 billion, up 10%.

¶ July unemployment decreased slightly to 3,346,000, instead of rising seasonally as expected.

¶ For the second straight week, electric utilities set a new record, turning out 9.1 billion kw-h. Chief reason: increased use of air conditioners.

¶ At Chicago's Merchandise Mart, orders for such bellwether luxury products as china and glass were running 20% to 40% ahead of a year ago.

REAL ESTATE

The New Super Connie

In the hurly-burly world of real estate, no one fancies himself a bigger operator than smooth-talking William Zeckendorf, president of Manhattan's Webb & Knapp. Says Zeckendorf: "I like to turn peaputs into bananas." Last week, reaching out for a new piece of fruit, Top-Banana Zeckendorf bumped into another big operator. In the collision, Zeckendorf's feet went skidding out from under. Zeckendorf's opponent: Conrad Hilton, who in about a dozen years has risen from an obscure Southwestern innkeeper to a position as the world's biggest hotelman (TIME, Dec. 12, 1949 *et seq.*). The prize was the Statler hotel chain (eight hotels, two more abuilding in Dallas and Hartford, Conn.), which Hilton snapped away from Zeckendorf in history's biggest hotel deal. Price: \$78 million.

Open for Bids. The battle started three months ago, when word got out that the Statler family, headed by Mrs. Ellsworth Statler, widow of the founder, would listen to bids for the country's third-biggest hotel chain. Zeckendorf promptly offered

\$50 a share for the 1,551,226 shares of Statler stock outstanding, then selling at \$43.50 a share. The Statler board of directors snapped up Zeckendorf's offer, and sent a letter to stockholders advising them to accept. But it turned out that Zeckendorf was talking to the wrong people.

While Zeckendorf was dealing with the Statler directors, Connie Hilton had been quietly making friends with the Statler family itself. When Hilton heard of Zeckendorf's offer, he hopped on a plane, flew from California to New York to talk to "the people who really counted"—Mrs. Statler and other big family stockholders. Hilton's secret weapon: his argument that he could run the Statler chain better than anyone else. Living in Hilton's Waldorf Towers in Manhattan, Mrs. Statler had watched and admired the way Hilton did business, and was inclined to agree.

Last week Hilton sprang his big surprise. By matching Zeckendorf's price, he had won over the Statler family and bought their 753,000 shares (49% of the total) for \$37.6 million. Stockholders owning the remaining 798,226 shares got the same offer of \$50 a share.

In & Out. In Manhattan, somewhat dazed by Hilton's speed, Zeckendorf first seemed about to fight, then gracefully surrendered when it turned out that Hilton had already lined up another big block of Statler stock. Wired Bill Zeckendorf: "Sincere and warm congratulations." Into a stockholders' meeting originally scheduled to consider Zeckendorf's offer walked Hilton's lieutenants, with proxies for 1,061,731 shares. Out went most of the Statler's board of directors, including Chairman William L. Marcy, formerly (until his recent divorce) a member of the Statler clan. Three Hiltonians, headed



HOTELMAN HILTON
He got the banana.



OPERATOR ZECKENDORF
He got the peel.

TIME CLOCK

by Connie Hilton as chairman, were voted into their seats, and the battle was over. Smiled Zeckendorf: "A motion for adjournment is in order, wouldn't you say?"

Hilton was not saying where he would get the cash to finance his latest coup. But the Manufacturers' Trust Co. promptly lent him \$8,000,000 to make a down payment on the 753,000-share Statler-family block, and the word was that insurance firms might lend him another \$66 million. The remainder will probably come from debentures and a small Hilton stock issue.

Five Are Better Than One. Why had Hilton bought the Statler hotels? For one thing, says Hilton, "they're our kind of hotel, big and comfortable." The money-making chain also gives Hilton his first foothold in such important cities as Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Buffalo, Hartford, and Dallas. Furthermore, Hilton is a great believer in owning two or more hotels in one city (he now has five in Manhattan alone), feels he can cut costs drastically by combining facilities where Statler and Hilton hotels now compete.

Another big reason for the purchase was the tax advantage the Statler chain will bring Hilton. For tax purposes, it was almost the same as building a brand-new group of hotels; Hilton can start depreciating them at the full purchase price and not just the value at which they are carried on the Statler company's tax books. The tax advantage for Hilton amounts to about \$2,200,000 a year, which, with the \$2,200,000 Statler can already charge off, raises Hilton Hotels Corp.'s total annual depreciation figure to \$8,200,000.

With the Statler chain in his pocket, Connie Hilton has pulled far into the lead as the world's biggest hotel operator (27 hotels around the globe, 30,000 rooms). Says he: "When you consider how big the hotel business really is, we've got a long way to go. We're just starting."

BUSINESS ABROAD

"You Got to Be in It"

When it comes to gambling on wildcat stock schemes, Australians take a back seat to few other people. They have tossed an estimated \$202 million into 16 oil-exploration companies, although only three have sunk wells and only one (controlled by the California Texas Corp.) has struck oil. They have also invested \$22 million in twelve uranium companies, of which only three are producing ore. A speculative boom sent stock prices so high this year that government officials felt compelled to issue warnings against the excesses. Last week the warnings proved wise.

In Western Australia, near Exmouth Gulf, oil drillers struck salt water at 3,600 feet, the same level at which a nearby well had hit oil. In two frenzied days of panic selling, some stocks dropped as much as 50% on the Sydney exchange; the total value of oil shares dropped an estimated \$67 million. Australia's secretary of the

AMERICAN AIRLINES, grounded by the strike of its 1,200 pilots (TIME, Aug. 9), struck back with a \$1,250,000 damage suit against the Air Line Pilots Association, A.F.L. Strike may spread to United, but Trans World Airlines sidestepped the battle. It ordered its nonstop transcontinental flights to put down in Chicago to refuel and change pilots, thus avoid the cause of the walkout: exceeding an eight-hour limit on flying time for flight crews.

FILTERED CIGARETTES' last big holdout, American Tobacco, is giving in. It will bring out a new cellulose-tipped Herbert Tareyton, continue making the old cork-tip, non-filtered Tareyton and, of course, Lucky Strikes.

NO-STRIKE RULES were clamped on tighter by the National Labor Relations Board, which reversed its position that a union is free to strike during a contract any time after a 60-day cooling-off. NLRB decided that from now on a union may strike legally only when a contract ends or is subject to alteration. New interpretation of the Taft-Hartley Act means workers who go out on strike at other times during the life of a contract thereby lose all of their job rights.

GUINNESS STOUT, after five years at trying to convince U.S. beer drinkers that "Guinness is good for you," will give up. Guinness will close its Long Island City plant (annual capacity: 100,000 bbls.), meet the U.S. demand for its rich Irish brew with exports from the famed St. James's Gate brewery in Dublin (capacity: 3,500,000 bbls.).

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT Corp. is ready to flight-test its big (20-ton capacity), powerful (15,000 h.p.) turbo-prop military-cargo plane, the YC-130, next week. Designed as a workhorse, the YC-130 can carry a tank, take off from short, front-line airstrips, fly faster and higher than any other U.S. military transport. Lockheed already has Air Force orders

for 29 YC-130s, and expects to deliver the first production model within a year.

PAPER-MATE PEN CO., which sold \$20 million of ball points in 1953 (at 97¢ and \$1.69 retail), will invade the quality market with a \$15, gold-filled gift model by October.

JAPAN'S HEAVY INDUSTRY is moving back into the international markets with cut-rate prices. On a contract to build 100 steam locomotives for India (to be paid for by the Foreign Operations Administration), the Japan Rolling Stock Exporter Association bid \$81,470 each, 7½ under the bid by Germany's Friedrich Krupp, less than half the \$178,200 bid by Philadelphia's Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton locomotive works.

BASEBALL MANUFACTURING is in a serious slump, brought on by a 40% drop in the number of minor leagues since 1949 (present total: 33). Sales of baseballs are so low that Wilson & Co. closed its 50-man Schenectady plant, will meet the demand from its Tullahoma, Tenn. plant.

BOEING'S \$20 million gamble on its dual-purpose Model 707 (TIME July 19) is paying off. The Air Force ordered a "limited number" of the swept-wing, 550-m.p.h., four-engined jets as tankers to refuel jet bombers. Production orders are expected to bring down costs, hasten the day when commercial airlines can buy a 130-passenger version of the 707 for a cross-continent run of 4½ hours.

GIANT TEXTILE COMBINE may develop out of negotiations among American Woolen, Tectron and Robbins Mills. American Woolen stockholders are being asked to okay a deal that would 1) put Royal Little's Tectron on top as a diversified holding company, 2) turn Tectron's textile plants over to American Woolen, which would become subsidiary and produce woolsens, cottons and some synthetics, 3) make Robbins the big synthetics producer, subsidiary to American Woolen.

Department of National Development, Geologist H. G. Raggatt, then pointed out that more dry holes would be drilled than good ones in Australia's search for oil. Heartened at that bit of sound reasoning, Aussie traders started bidding stocks up again. Oil and uranium issues recovered about 80% of their losses. Their confidence all but fully restored, investors down under were happy again. Said one: "It's like the lottery. You got to be in it to win it."

Ventures' Biggest Venture

Two years ago Aluminum Co. of America announced a plan to build a huge aluminum smelter at Skagway, Alaska, to be powered by harnessing the waters of the upper Yukon River. The project was to cost \$400 million. But there was one

hitch. The Canadian government wanted the industry to be located where the power came from: in Canada. Last week Alcoa's big plan became just a set of useless blueprints. British Columbia gave the go-ahead for developing the vast power potential of the Yukon to Canada's Ventures Ltd., big mining and metal holding company headed by publicity-shy Thayer Lindsley of Toronto (TIME, June 15, 1953).

Lindsley's plan, which will eventually cost \$700 million to \$1 billion, is to divert the flow of the Yukon and other rivers, build storage dams, tunnels, penstocks and generating plants that could provide 4,300,000 horsepower of electricity, about twice what can be got from the St. Lawrence Seaway power project. All these installations, as well as the metalworking

EMPLOYEE SUGGESTIONS

Industry Turns the Gripes into Gold

FOR years, the suggestion box was a little more than an office gag—a handy receptacle for notes telling the boss to kindly drop dead. But in U.S. industry employee suggestions are no longer a joking matter. Since World War II, the battered old suggestion box has blossomed into one of U.S. industry's best sources of production-boosting ideas and one of its biggest money-savers. Last year some 4,000 companies (with organized suggestion programs) got more than two million ideas from employees, found 20% of them worth adopting and paid out something like \$15 million in awards. For U.S. business the tangible savings added up to at least \$300 million; no one can count the intangible rewards in higher morale, better workmanship and closer cooperation between boss and worker.

In the past few years, suggestion programs have proved so valuable that some 300 companies, Government departments and agencies have banded together in their own National Association of Suggestion Systems to promote the idea. Such blue-ribbon firms as Standard Oil (N.J.), National Biscuit, Sears, Roebuck, International Business Machines, John Hancock Life, American Airlines and Westinghouse have elaborate programs. In 1953 General Motors alone paid out \$2,419,700 (an average \$52 a suggestion); Ford paid \$42,918, Du Pont \$295,382, General Electric \$685,842. Government agencies gave \$1,362,000 for new ideas—including a \$775 award (and a promotion) for one selfless civil servant who suggested abolishing his own \$12,000 job. Estimated saving to Uncle Sam from such suggestions: \$44 million. In many companies employee suggestions have won equal rank with research. Says a Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp. executive: "Our experience has been that we get a higher return on the ideas of our employees than we do from the development of a new product."

In the old days, workers' ideas often fell on deaf executive ears, but in World War II, U.S. business had to learn to mine the gold in suggestion boxes. Confronted with manpower and material shortages, businessmen searched around for ways of doing things faster and cheaper, discovered that their own employees had many of the answers. In turn, workers found the suggestion box an ideal way to get ahead. Furthermore, for the first time, many workers found that they could talk as well as listen to the boss.

Today, many companies have expertly staffed departments working full-time on nothing but suggestion programs. They have found that even a light nudge goes a long way. General Electric had little success with suggestions in its Utica, N.Y., plant until it repainted its boxes, put up posters and published a leaflet entitled *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. Almost 200 suggestions poured in. Boeing, which last year paid out \$105,170 for suggestions that saved it \$1,653,000, honors its star suggesters with "Man of the Week," "Man of the Month" and "Man of the Year" titles.

U.S. business has also cured itself of the "ten-dollaritis" that killed many early programs. Workers are getting paid much better today. Most firms now give 10% to 20% of the first year's savings on a new idea. For example, Cleveland's Clevite Corp. gave an employee \$28,006 in 1948 for improving one step in the bronze-casting process. Los Angeles' AirResearch Co. this year shelled out \$4,500 to a woman for suggesting that two hard-to-handle steel turbine parts be combined in a single, simple aluminum casting. Saving: \$15,630 the first six months.

To make a suggestion program work, executives must be ready to welcome any and all suggestions, no matter how zany. "If a man takes the trouble to write it down," says one executive, "it isn't trivial to him." An ex-G.I. who became an Army civilian employee noticed that barracks brooms were rarely hung by the special hole drilled in their handles for that purpose, told the Army to stop wasting its money on drilling. His prize: \$275 for saving U.S. taxpayers \$15,333 a year.

Just as valuable are the results that cannot be measured in dollars and cents. United Airlines, which gets 13,000 suggestions a year, painted the tops of its airliners a sun-reflecting white because a mechanic's wife got sick sweating out a delayed take-off in a broiling hot plane. The idea lowered temperatures inside the fuselage by 8°. Pyrex glass was the result of a Corning Glass worker's happy thought: he suggested that the heat-resistant glass used on kerosene railway-signal lamps be improved and turned into a new line of household products.

In 1954's buyers' market, U.S. industry needs an ever greater flow of new and better products and a strong team of happy, alert workers to turn them out efficiently. Employee suggestions provide both a barometer of morale and a source of ideas that few companies can afford to ignore.

plants which would use the power, would be located in Canada.

In giving its approval, British Columbia laid down some stiff conditions for Lindsay. He must put up a \$2,500,000 bond, which will be forfeited if he fails to meet any one of the annual development targets between 1955 and 1962. Furthermore, in the case of such failure, Lindsay will lose his license to the water rights, as well as the full value of work done up to that time. Unlike an earlier deal worked out with Aluminum Co. of Canada for its Kitimat project (see *THE HEMISPHERE*), Lindsay's agreement calls for no tax concessions, no special rates for water used, and he must clear all land to be flooded.

Despite such restrictions, Lindsay could well be elated over his big project. It can mean rapid development of a rich and virtually untapped area, with an inland water storage system on the continent second only to the Great Lakes. As rapidly as possible, smelters and refineries will be installed to process iron, steel, cobalt, nickel, manganese alloys and aluminum. With Alcoa out of the picture, another U.S. aluminum company, Reynolds Metals, came in. Reynolds will probably supply a third of the capital for the \$270 million first stage of the project, scheduled for 1962, and eventually use a third of the power for aluminum refining.

Although total assets of Ventures Ltd. are only about \$28 million, backers of the project showed little concern over the enormous financing that will be necessary. They are confident that big insurance companies and pension funds, as well as small investors, will be willing to stake their funds on northern Canada's promising new industrial development, with its assurance of inexpensive power.

FASHION

The Second Look

The shrieks and sly glances over the newest look in Paris fashions (*TIME*, Aug. 9) were beginning to die down last week. As the gasps subsided along Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, and the fashion editors took a second look, they saw that Designer Christian Dior's flat look was not so flat after all. Fewer than a third of Dior's new dresses minimized the bosom, and even these bore no resemblance to the droopy formlessness of the Jazz Age. Most dresses were molded from hipbone to mid-bust, creating a long, svelte torso, a high and undeniably sexy bust line. The Parisian models looked more as if they were holding their breath than suffering from collapsed chests. Said Chairman David Neverov of Manhattan's Russeks, back from Paris: "It is a style that would make Marilyn Monroe look better."

PERSONNEL

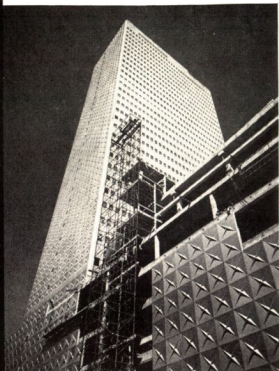
Hatchet Man Axed

Montgomery Ward's terrible-tempered Chairman Sewell L. Avery has had plenty of practice severing high-level employees from his payroll, including 32 vice presidents since 1931 (*TIME*, May 6, 1940).

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... to feel how each finger falls into natural working position on the keyboard (right or left hand) eliminating time-wasting motions and decisions in key selection

New Adding Machine by Friden helps you figure the natural way

Actual items you enter on keyboard are shown in this Check Window



before they print on tape. This new feature on an American 10-key machine simplifies changes, corrections.

Clear Signal prints automatically on tape with first item following a total. Totals and Sub-totals obtained instantly by depressing bars—no space strokes required. True credit balance printed without extra motor operations or pre-setting. Over-size control keys, each plainly labeled, give direct "live" response.

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et seq.). Last week it was Sewell Avery that was axed—as president of Cadillac-Soo Lumber Co., of Sault Sainte Marie, Mich. Cadillac-Soo Lumber was formed in 1923 out of three small companies, one owned by Avery and his brother. In 1946 Avery became president of the closely held corporation (with annual sales of about \$1,500,000).

Sewell Avery, now 80, had his eye on the future—and set company policy accordingly. By filling up the treasury until the company's present timber reserves ran out—about 1960—he could then cash in his chips as low-taxed capital gains. Other shareholders not in Avery's 91% income-tax bracket wanted hefty dividends declared along the way. Avery had enough support to sack company men who opposed him, including Treasurer Waldo G. Murphy.

At the last directors' meeting, in Grand Rapids, the scales tipped against Sewell Avery. By a 5-to-4 vote, directors jacked up the dividend rate and ousted the fuming octogenarian. The man who lined up the opposition and became the new president: W. R. Murphy, 30, son of Waldo Murphy.

But at Montgomery Ward, things were still the same. During the week "resignations" were turned in by three appliance-division managers, all old company hands, and duly accepted by Sewell Avery.

Into the presidency of Philco Corp. last week stepped James H. Carmine, 52. Carmine, who has sold for Philco all his business life, started in 1923 as a Pittsburgh salesman, climbed to executive vice president in 1949. He was responsible for building the vast Philco distributor chain. As successor to William Balderston, 57, who becomes board chairman, Salesman Carmine has a top-priority job: tuning Philco's merchandising to a buyers' market.

AVIATION

Flying Tiger

To its growing arsenal of supersonic warplanes, the U.S. last week added still another jet fighter,* this one for the Navy. At Calverton, L.I., Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp. lifted the security lid for a quick view of its F9F-9 "Tiger." The plane looks as ferocious as its name. Designed for carrier operations, it has a short, solid snout, an undulating, "coke bottle" fuselage, and drooping, knife-thin wings. For armament, it will carry air-to-air rockets, possibly Sperry Gyroscopic Co.'s new Sparrow missile, now in mass production. Top speed: top secret, but the plane weighs less than 20,000 lbs. and packs a burly 7,800-lb.-thrust J65 Sapphire engine with afterburner, not because enough to drive it through the sonic barrier in level flight.

Though the Tiger has only flown a few

* Supersonic aircraft already in production or being tested for the Air Force: North American's F-100, McDonnell's F-101, Convair's F-102, Lockheed's F-104. For the Navy: Douglas' F4D Skyray.

Air Lines ... use the fully automatic Friden Calculator to compute costs per plane mile and per ton mile flown; figure depreciation, freight bills, terminal and maintenance costs; for overhead allocation, payrolls, statistical reports. The versatile Friden Calculator makes *specialized figure-work* as easy to do as routine — simply and automatically!



Hotels ... prorate room charges, control stock inventories, watch daily costs and handle invoicing with the fully automatic Friden Calculator. Operating statements and payrolls are prepared this modern way. Such a diversity of figure-work is processed by the Friden, with consequent time-savings, that *this unique office machine* pays back its cost quickly!



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Friden builds calculators in a wide range, in every size, for every figuring need



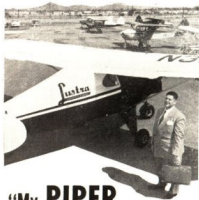
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Experience of others
shows how your business
can save with

Friden figure-thinking

More businesses are equipping with Fridens than any other calculator. Because the Friden performs more steps in figure-work *without operator decisions* than any other calculating machine. Each automatic Friden decision reduces business overhead costs by saving human time. It's likely your business can't afford NOT to own a Friden. See what you think when you see the Friden figure-think. Call in your nearby Friden Man and watch a demonstration! Friden sales, instruction and service throughout the U.S. and the world. FRIDEN CALCULATING MACHINE CO., INC., San Leandro, Calif.



"My PIPER has tripled my sales territory"

The vast inter-mountain region of the western United States is the sales area covered by F. S. Killius, Divisional Sales Manager for the Lustra Corp. of America, Brooklyn, manufacturers of lighting equipment.

"A little over a year ago I went out to the Phoenix airport and took my first flying lesson on Piper's 'Learn-As-You-Travel' plan," says Mr. Killius. "Every flight was a combination lesson and business trip. By the time I earned my license I discovered that I was not only serving my clients better and faster but that I was able to triple my sales region. Now in our own Tri-Pacer I cover all of Arizona, West Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada and eastern California."



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GRUMMAN'S NEW NAVY FIGHTER
In the coke bottle, a Sapphire.

Newday

times, the Navy is so impressed that it has already given Grumman a \$40 million experimental and production contract for an estimated 40 to 50 planes. The company cannot say when the first production model will roll off the lines. But Grumman, which had its famed World War II Hellcat in Navy squadrons before the roof was even on its Bethpage, L.I. plant, managed to turn out the Tiger prototype in just 15 months, has designed it specifically for fast, easy production.

Britain last week rolled out its first truly supersonic jet. Built by English Electric, maker of the Canberra twin-jet bomber, the new P. 1 is a stubby, delta-winged interceptor, with a double-barreled Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire power plant turning out a total of 20,000 lbs. of thrust. All English Electric will say is that the plane can fly faster than sound in level flight, and that 20 have been ordered to short-cut the time lag between prototype and production models. At the news, most of Britain's newspapers went all out, claimed speeds of 1,000 m.p.h. or better. Streamered the *Daily Mail*: FASTEST YET—AND BRITISH. But some, remembering how few of Britain's shiny prototypes ever see squadron service, were less enthusiastic. Said the *Manchester Guardian*: "The [Hawker] Hunter and the [Supermarine] Swift, according to Government statements two years ago, were going to be the finest day fighters in the world.' . . . [But] by midsummer of 1954, only a few Hunters had reached squadrons, and the Swifts were all grounded because of technical troubles. By the time [the P. 1] comes into general service, if it ever does, it too may be behind the best . . . The R.A.F. would do better to concentrate on fewer machines and get them into service faster."

CORPORATIONS

Disaster at the Distillery

Lightning laced the sky at Pekin, Ill. (pop. 22,000) one night last week as a thunderstorm rolled over American Distilling Co.'s plant outside town. At 2:30 a.m., a lightning bolt cracked into a rack

house full of 100-proof whisky and started a fire that quickly spread to three other buildings. In all, 40,000 barrels—equal to 8,000,000 fifths—of Good Old Guckenheimer, and Bourbon Supreme and other brands were destroyed. Firemen stood helplessly outside a ring of flames so intense that a coal pile 100 yards away began to smolder.

As they watched, the fire became a disaster. Without warning, another warehouse with 56,000 barrels blew up with a roar that could be heard 75 miles away, and came crashing down in blazing piles 50 feet deep. By the time the fire was finally under control, American had lost close to 100,000 barrels of whisky, sustained damages of more than \$7,000,000. Burrowing into the wreckage, firemen found the bodies of six American workers to add to the 30-odd injured.

CLOTHING

Biggest of the Big Four

A Fourth-of-July orator, so the oft-told story goes, was delivering a speech about Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln when, ready for the wind-up, he forgot their names. Glancing quickly toward the notes stuffed in his inside coat pocket, the flustered speaker hurriedly praised "those great American statesmen, Hart Schaffner and Marx."

Chicago's 57-year-old Meyer Kestnbaum, who has probably heard the yarn more often than anyone else, still laughs every time he hears it; it is part of his job. As president of Hart Schaffner & Marx, he heads the biggest men's ready-to-wear company in the nation (1953 sales: \$69 million). In the U.S. suit-and-coat industry, giant H.S. & M. does more business than the next four companies combined. To run the big company, Meyer Kestnbaum needs only one briefcase; but he keeps four others packed full of work on a long list of outside projects.

Responsibility Taker. Since last spring, Kestnbaum has been dividing his time about equally between Hart Schaffner & Marx in Chicago and the President's Intergovernmental Commission (charged

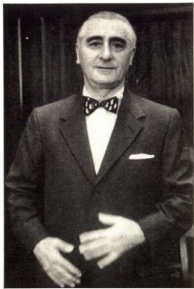
with studying the whole range of federal-state relationships), which he took over when Clarence Manion resigned (TIME, May 3). In between, he has sandwiched time for the many other posts he holds: chairman of the Committee on Economic Development, director of the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic, director of the Chicago Community Fund and of the Great Books Institute, overseer at Harvard. Says Kestnbaum: "If you'll accept responsibility, you get it."

Last week versatile "Kesty" Kestnbaum accepted some new responsibilities. On a royalty deal, Hart Schaffner & Marx took over the Society Brand line of men's suits, thus trimming down the Big Five of the business to the Big Four.* In the men's clothing trade, it has been no secret that Society Brand is dying on the vine, has eked out a slim profit over the past four years only by virtue of tax carry-backs and rebates from more prosperous years. Kestnbaum plans to sink \$2,300,000 into Society Brand over the next year to rebuild its sales.

Broadway v. Ivy League. Kestnbaum started with Hart Schaffner & Marx 33 years ago as a labor supervisor, directed the company's labor relations (considered a model for the industry) for the past 30 years. He served a term as a credit man, took over the retail end of the business when H.S. & M. began buying up shaky retail outlets in 1926 (first purchase: New York's Wallach's stores). In 1933 he worked with the late Mark Winfield Cresap, then president, in overhauling the company's management and policies, has been making most of the executive decisions ever since.

Kestnbaum's basic decision was to maintain Hart Schaffner & Marx's conservative styles and the pioneering repu-

* The other three: B. Kuppenheimer, Fashion Park, Hickey-Freeman.



H. S. & M.'s KESTNBAUM
In Paris, congratulations.



Large 17' x 10' 6" doors provide easy access on the truck loading side of Santa Fe's new terminal. Note economical, convenient canopy construction.



See how easily freight moves from truck to freight car through the unobstructed, clear-span interior of this 50 x 400-foot Butler terminal.

Santa Fe streamlines "China Basin" terminal with **BUTLER** steel building

"America's New Railroad"—Santa Fe—chose a Butler steel building to streamline their China Basin Terminal in San Francisco. This large, 50-foot x 400-foot clear-span building facilitates handling Santa Fe's ever-increasing volume of freight from this strategic West Coast port. It speeds up the handling of freight from box cars to trucks—from trucks to railroad cars.

Both sides of this structure are lined with big overhead doors. The standard, 20-foot wide Butler bays easily accommodated the doors without special designing. Butler rigid-frame construction gives Santa Fe 20,000 square feet of unobstructed, column-free floor space. A canopy extends the full length of the truck loading dock side to provide protection for incoming and outgoing freight.

See your Butler steel building dealer. He'll show you the pre-engineered, quality construction features which make Butler buildings as modern as Santa Fe's newest streamlined luxury train. He'll be glad to show you Butler buildings in your area that are working and earning for American industry, commerce and agriculture. Consult your telephone directory—or write for the name of your nearest Butler dealer.



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AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC
ORIGINATORS OF THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE

tation that dates to the company's founding by three cousins in 1887.[®] Among H.S. & M.'s firsts in the wholesale-clothing business: all-wool suits (1900), guaranteed color fastness (1913). Kesty put H.S. & M. into the synthetic-blend field with nylon as early as 1949. Orlon in 1950 and Dacron in 1951. On occasion Kestnbaum has matched his Ivy League styles with Broadway showmanship. When American troops marched into Paris in World War II, they were greeted by about 20 billboard posters proclaiming a message of welcome: "Congratulations on a job well done. Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes, U.S.A." Kestnbaum had worked the stunt through the underground.

Since Kestnbaum became president in 1941, sales have more than tripled; net profit rose from \$895,000 to \$1,425,000 last year. With his new Society Brand line in another price bracket (around \$95, a notch higher than the \$75-to-\$85 range where H.S. & M. concentrates), Kestnbaum thinks sales should keep right on rising.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Portable Pig. A portable, electric disposal unit that sits in a sink and disposes of 1½ quarts of garbage in a minute or two was announced by James, Inc., of Independence, Kans., maker of portable dishwashers. Water from the faucet pours through the top of the lightweight machine while blades churn the refuse, which is funneled down the drain. The James garbage disposer cleans itself, will not run with the top open. Price: \$69.50.

Cover-Up. Paper-thin, 3/4-in.-wide strips of wood with adhesive backing for finishing off edges of plywood and other woods were introduced by Seattle's Puget Modern, Inc. Called "Wood Tape," the wood strips come in fir, mahogany, birch, walnut and oak, are applied by thumb pressure. Price: \$1.98 for 16 ft.

Southpaw Wind-Up. Wrist watches with winding knobs on the left side of the case for southpaws were put on the market by Hamilton Watch Co. of Lancaster, Pa. Price: \$57.50 and up.

Shake-Out. Salt prepackaged in little (4 oz.) cardboard shakers was brought out by Chicago's Morton Salt Co. Price: about 25¢ for a packet of three.

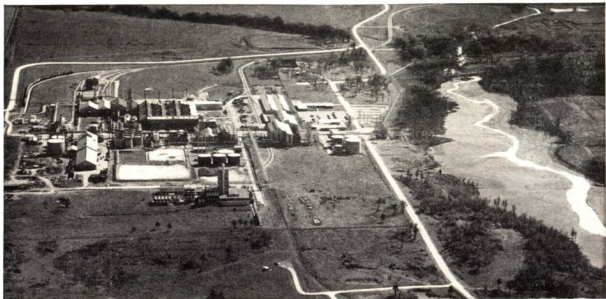
Car-Top Bed. A collapsible, aluminum-frame tent that holds two sleeping bags and can be anchored atop an auto has been developed by Hagen-Felt Corp. of East Orange, N.J. The "Car-Top Pullman," which weighs 76 lbs., folds into a package 10 in. high and 5 ft. long when closed. Open, it is 4 ft. wide, 5 ft. high and 6 ft. 8 in. long. Price: \$395.

Rain Brain. An electronic grid that touches off a buzzer alarm in the house when rain strikes it was put on the market by Micro-Moisture Controls, Inc. of Mincola, N.Y. Price: \$6.95.

[®] Only descendant directly connected with the company's top management now is Director Joseph Halle Schaffner.

Why the rabbits had to move

Eight years ago some rabbits called this Texas Gulf Coast plains country "home." ▶



▲ Now a multi-million dollar chemical plant is located where the rabbits scampered only a few years ago.

As the large photo shows, the rabbits lost their lease to a giant chemical plant.

And right next door are other new plants, supplying the booming industries of the great Southwest.

These plants are a few of the thousands that have been pouring into the eight states of the Golden Empire served by Southern Pacific (see map) since the end of World War II.

This example of dynamic growth is typical of the amazing industrial development of the Gulf Coast area between Lake Charles, Louisiana and Brownsville, Texas.

During this period, approximately two new industries a day, big enough to require spur-track facilities, have located along Southern Pacific's lines. For the past 25 years, the average has been more than one a day. Such growth is pretty impressive; but more significant is the nature of the growth:

Its chief characteristic is diversification. This means that the Golden Empire has such varied industry, agriculture and natural resources that a setback in one locality is apt to be offset by greater productiveness somewhere else.

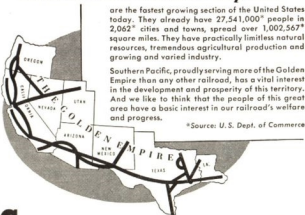
It's diversification that helps create the stable, steadily expanding economy the Golden Empire enjoys. And since our fortunes are linked with those of the territory we serve, this stability helps to keep our own operations on an even keel.

To keep ahead of the increasing transportation needs of this territory, we have invested more than \$675,000,000 in new

equipment and facilities since World War II, to give the Golden Empire the best freight and passenger service possible.

If you are thinking about expanding in our territory—or wish more information about the eight fast-growing states the Southern Pacific serves—we invite you to take advantage of S. P.'s confidential industrial service. Just write W. G. Peoples, Vice-President, System Freight Traffic, Southern Pacific, 65 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.

THE EIGHT STATES OF THE *Golden Empire*...



are the fastest growing section of the United States today. They already have 27,541,000* people in 2,062* cities and towns, spread over 1,002,567* square miles. They have practically limitless natural resources, tremendous agricultural production and growing and varied industry.

Southern Pacific, proudly serving more of the Golden Empire than any other railroad, has a vital interest in the development and prosperity of this territory. And we like to think that the people of this great area have a basic interest in our railroad's welfare and progress.

*Source: U.S. Dept. of Commerce

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Save time because they dry drier faster!

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MILESTONES

Married. John Jacob Astor III, 42, whose fortune, inherited from his great-great-grandfather, is estimated at \$70 million; and Dolores Margaret ("Dolly") Fullman, 26, blonde Miami divorcee; he for the third time, she for the second; in Arlington, Va.

Married. Goodwin J. ("Goody") Knight, 57, Republican governor of California; and Mrs. Virginia Carlson, 35; both for the second time; in Los Angeles.

Died. Emilie Dionne, 20, once the gayest and most active of Canada's famed quintuplets, in later years the quietest and shyest; following a series of epileptic seizures; in Ste. Agathe, Que. (see THE HEMISPHERE).

Died. Albert Bailey ("Ab") Walker, 44, indicted in 1932 with Singer Libby Holman (*Moanin' Low*) Reynolds as the hypotenuse in the alleged triangle killing of Tobacco Heir Zachary Smith (Camels) Reynolds, later released (with Libby) because of insufficient evidence; of cancer; in Winston-Salem, N.C.

Died. Sir Herbert Williams, 69, one-time (1928-29) Parliamentary Secretary, ultraconservative M.P. whose best-known act of statesmanship in the past 25 years was to hurl a shelled egg across the House during a 1953 debate on food prices; of a stroke; in London.

Died. Bess Streeter Aldrich, 73, novelist (*Miss Bishop*) and short-story writer, whose tales of pioneer life in Iowa and Nebraska delighted women's magazine readers for two generations; of cancer; in Lincoln, Neb.

Died. Sidonie-Gabrielle Claudine Colette Gauthier-Villars de Jouvenel Goudek (Colette), 81, called by Poet Paul Claudel "the greatest living writer in France" (*Chéri, Gigi*); of a heart ailment; in Paris. At 20, Colette married Henri Gauthier-Villars, a potboiling hack who won fame by publishing under his own name the novels he forced her to turn out, in turn did much to teach her a style as ruthlessly chaste as her heroines were unchaste. Colette depicted quietly desperate women in love and in bed, became the most honored female writer in France's history, first woman president of the Académie Goncourt (the Académie Française admits only men), ironically achieved widespread fame in the U.S. only recently as the discoverer of Actress Audrey Hepburn.

Died. Dr. David Fairchild, 85, agricultural explorer who was responsible for the introduction of more than 200,000 species of plants to the U.S. (including the soybean, papaya, avocado), in 1905 planted Washington's first Japanese cherry trees; of a heart ailment; in Coconut Grove, Fla.

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BOOKS

A Dutch Soul Saved

THE CRAZY DOCTOR (248 pp.)—Arie Van der Lugt—Random [\$3].

When a priest and a sinner become fond of each other, an account of their genial tilting is apt to make a readable story. Such bestselling authors as Giovanni Guareschi (*The Little World of Don Camillo*), Bruce Marshall (*The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith*), and A. J. Cronin (*The Keys of the Kingdom*) have made the most of it. Now enters Dutch Novelist Arie van der Lugt with *The Crazy Doctor*, to show that the everlasting contest goes on in Holland too. It is, after all, a universal story, its interest limited only by the writer's originality in fashioning sin and in keeping the priest's skill within the bounds of spiritual fair play.

Dr. Tom de Geus was a good doctor, but he also earned the reputation of being crazy. When he came bouncing onto the dike-enclosed farming island on a motorcycle, to replace the old doctor who had died, the poor peasants refused to take him seriously. Short, bald, muscular and hairy-chested, he looked like a good-natured, grinning ape. Unlike his dapper predecessor, he wore the wooden shoes and coarse clothing of his patients. He cursed, he got into fist fights, and he loved his gin. When he showed up to deliver a baby on his first case, he even had a little trouble being admitted to the house. How could this genial ruffian be so unprofessional and so skillful too?

Father Conings dropped in on Dr. de Geus to say, "Welcome to my parish." The answer: "I don't want to have anything to do with your dear Lord." But the priest liked the little ruffian, the only other educated man on the poverty-stricken



Israel Shenker

NOVELIST VAN DER LUGT
The priest got to liking the sinner.



© Poch Brothers

T.R. & FAMILY® (1903)
The kids thought Father was bulky.

island. It was hard not to like a man who not only treated the poor for nothing but gave them food, money and fuel as well. In Robin Hood fashion, De Geus clipped his few rich patients unmercifully, but no one could accuse him of greed. Before long he and the priest were pals, sat long over the wine after dinner, carried on endless conversations. The peasants were almost as shocked by their priest's choice of company as they were by the doctor's ungodly ways, but Father Conings knew his man. Even when the doctor went off to Rotterdam and came back with a fancy woman, he refused to give up.

In such a contest, the outcome is pretty well rigged. What weakens Author Van der Lugt's lively yarn is his unashamed sentimentality, his failure to make the doctor seem like a truly troubled man or even a convinced atheist. What is good about *The Crazy Doctor* is its author's earthy sense of humor, and the fresh background of Holland life and scenery that sometimes makes the authenticity of a Rembrandt. Van der Lugt, a prolific writer still under 40 (more than 70 plays, six novels, many juveniles), writes like a man in a hurry. In his first U.S. bow, he very nearly throws away his characters and his story, but what is left is enough to keep the pages turning.

The Bear at Home

THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL (435 pp.)—Hermann Hagedorn—Macmillan [\$5].

Theodore Roosevelt's house in Long Island's Oyster Bay is now a national shrine. But on a windy March day in 1887, Sagamore Hill was just a large, rambling house young Teddy had built, with twelve bedrooms for foreseen eventualities. That March day Teddy brought his bride home in a surrey with a fringe on top; soon enough the eventualities came

too. The house with its 80 acres was plenty of home, but not too much, for the two girls, four boys and their innumerable cousins. Teddy thought it was bulky, and the children thought that their romping, happy father was bulky too.

The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for August, is an album of Teddy and family from the turn of the century through World War I. Author Hermann Hagedorn, a former Harvard English instructor who has written or edited six previous books on T.R. (*The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt*, *Roosevelt in the Bad Lands*), knew and loved the family well. His camera is sometimes less than candid, but even when freckles and awkward angles are airbrushed out, his snapshots are warm, intimate closeups that usually show what the outsider wants to see.

Sunday Morning Tag. Teddy carried daughter Alice "pig-a-back" every morning, and she took to addressing him somewhat irreverently as "Now, pig!" Little Kermit had fun "turning somersaults on the manure heap." Ethel and Archie invented a game of tag involving pokes and crossed fingers during the pastor's long prayer on Sunday mornings. Teddy played bear with Baby Quentin and assorted small fry, pouncing on them with such energy "that he tore all the gathers out of [one little girl's] frock and both button-holes out of her petticoat." When Teddy became too violently playful, wife Edith, no "Patient Griselda," intervened. Edith

* From left: Ethel, now 63, wife of New York Surgeon Richard Derby; T.R.; Theodore Jr., died at 56 in 1944 while serving as brigadier general in Normandy; Archibald, now 60, partner in Roosevelt & Cross, Wall Street bond firm; Alice, now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, grand old (70) lady of Washington society; Kermit, died in 1943 at 53 with U.S. forces in Alaska; Mrs. Roosevelt, died in 1948 at 87; Quentin.



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continued in next column ➡

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NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville: Wachtel's Inc. Charlotte: Winchester Surgical Supply Greensboro: Winchester-Ritch Surgical Winston-Salem: Powers & Anderson, Inc.; X-Ray Service Inc.

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OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City: Melton Co., Inc.; Mid-west Surgical Supply Co. Tulsa: Melton-Meyer, Inc.; Mid-Continent Surgical Co.

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was a childhood friend of Teddy's and a lifelong love. Her standards were Victorian, but she knew the business of being mother and running a household, and when she spoke up, Teddy knew the moment for silence had come.

Meanwhile, the chunky, ruddy-faced Teddy bear with the walrus mustache had become Civil Service commissioner, New York City police commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy and the most famed Rough Rider on San Juan Hill. He ran successfully for governor of New York and Vice President of the U.S. while bands blared *A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*, and admirers extravagantly told of his exploits (Finley Peter Dunne as "Mr. Dooley" wrote: "In Wounded Knee he busts a broncho that has kilt almost th' entire male population; busts it so har-rd 'twud dhrav a baby cerredge without wakin' the occupant").

Neither adulation nor public office could keep Teddy from home. Whenever he could, he went back to the small fry, organizing games, obstacle races, camping and hunting expeditions and a wild slide down Cooper's Bluff, a steep, 200-ft. sand slope to a beach on the Sound. One reason the kids liked camping with him was explained by a delighted ten-year-old: "He never asked me to wash once!!!"

Presidential Pillow Fights. When T.R. became President on McKinley's assassination, he was not quite 43. Going to Washington, wife Edith had to buy a good black dress and wailed, "Alas, alas, I had to pay \$135 for it." Daughter Alice, almost 18, was already playing the high octaves of the *Social Register* and regarded the publicity about her father as "rather vulgar." But the others, "just plain American kids," were dazzled by White House receptions. They sat halfway down the stairs in their nighties, observing and observed, until their mother shoed them off to bed.

Between receptions and affairs of state, the President dallied behind the scenes, where war was immediately declared. The weapons: pillows. Quentin's tactic was to lie on as many pillows as possible to keep them away from the enemy, while Archie screamed that he stand up and "fight the bear." The bear made Sagamore Hill the summer White House, which enabled him to arrange "romps" for the children and their cousins, who invariably returned with torn, soaked, muddled clothes. The defense to outraged parents that "Cousin Theodore took us" was not always effective. One mother replied: "You mustn't be a fool even if your Cousin Theodore sets you the example." Teddy appeared to agree when he wrote that it seemed "odd for a stout, elderly President to be bouncing over hayricks in a wild effort to get to goal before an active midget of a competitor, aged nine years."

The Lion's Brood. When the second ended in 1909, Teddy returned to Sagamore Hill to find the old days gone. The children had grown up, and all but Quentin were married. All four boys went off to war, and Aviator Quentin was shot down over Germany. Teddy wanted to



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fight too, but nobody would let him. He resented sitting at home "ignobly in comfort and uselessness," and proudly followed the fighting fortunes of his sons. When Quentin, the youngest, brought down his first German plane, Teddy roared: "The last of the lion's brood has been blooded."

Teddy was 60 and on his way toward the 1920 Republican nomination for President. But one January morning in 1919, 32 years after he first brought his bride home, Teddy died in his Oyster Bay house. His last words to wife Edith were: "I wonder if you will ever know how I love Sagamore Hill."

The Pursuit of Quality

THE GOLDEN HORIZON (596 pp.)—
Edited by Cyril Connolly—British Book
Centre (\$5.50).

The life cycle of little magazines compares unfavorably to that of horses, dogs, kangaroos and duck-billed platypuses. When death, as it must to all little mags, came to London's highbrow monthly *Horizon* in December 1949, the magazine had beaten the actuarial tables and reached the advanced old age of ten years. Since there was always more red ink than red blood in its circulation (peak figure: 10,000), *Horizon* owed much of its vitality to two men: 1) Angel Peter Watson, the millionaire son of a milkman, who blotted up some \$20,000 in losses; and 2) Editor Cyril Connolly, the intellectual son of an army officer, whose pudgy face once reminded a reporter of "a cross between Beethoven and Edward G. Robinson."

Connolly operated on a single ground rule, "the pursuit of quality." He pursued and printed such first-rate writers as T. S. Eliot, André Gide, Arthur Koestler, Evelyn Waugh and W. H. Auden. Even in wartime, Connolly kept *Horizon's* standards up and its voice down, made the magazine a kind of semiprecious touchstone of the arts. Earnest literati in England and the U.S. used it to deck their coffee tables and to restock their mental shelves. In *The Golden Horizon*, Connolly picks a scant 600 pages to represent the original 10,000. The result suggests that *Horizon* often held a monocle rather than a mirror up to nature. But caught in its faintly supercilious eye is a fair share of minor modern masterpieces.

Deadpan Horrors. The pieces range from straight reporting to short stories, from personal reminiscences to literary criticism, with a sprinkling of poetry. Close to one-fourth of the book is taken up with unsparing accounts of World War II. Expertly written—if by now rather familiar—are the deadpan horrors of Alan Moorehead's graphic *Belsen* and the explosive shock of a Sunday-morning air raid in London as described by William Sansom in *Building Alive*. Often, *Horizon's* writers add a reflective dimension to war reporting possible only to men who have known a country before it became the enemy. In *Rhineland Journal*, Poet Stephen Spender sensitively compares pre-Nazi to postwar Germany and also

tells of the human ruins in terms of a brilliant scholar friend who kowtowed to the regime and became an empty, self-hating shell of a man.

The short stories are fashioned more of nerves than sinew. In *Back to the Sea*, Alberto Moravia offers one of his sensually melancholy battles of the sexes, so arrestingly Moravian that it scarcely need have been signed. Maurice Richardson begins *Way Out in the Continuum*, a chillingly funny satire of the post-atomic-war age, with the sentence: "This is decapitated head No. 63, Universal Institute of Cerebral Physiology, electrotelepathicasting in all directions in space-time." Typical of *Horizon's* gnawing sense that the times are out of joint is Paul Goodman's *Iddings Clark*, a surrealistic tale of a mousy English teacher whose personality



Douglas Glass

EDITOR CONNOLLY
A monocle up to nature.

splinters until finally he enters his classroom "stark naked except for his spectacles and a Whittier in his right hand."

Happy as the Grass Was Green. Connolly admits that he has put in only the poetry that pleases him. It ranges from Randall Jarrell's brief, corrosive *The Death of the Ball-Turret Gunner* to e. e. cummings' lighthearted, lightheaded

*mike likes all the girls
(the
fat ones, the lean
ones; the mean
kind dirty clean)
all*

except the green ones

One poem, Dylan Thomas' *Fern Hill*, opens with the memorable, smiling first lines:

*Now as I was young and easy under the
apple boughs
About the lilting house and happy as
the grass was green . . .*

From there it moves to its end with

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the sure authority of a lyrical classic:

*Oh as I was young and easy in the
mercy of my means,
Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.*

Dumb Disciples. For the rest, there are serious critiques of Flaubert, Peacock, Leopardi, and personal reminiscences of James Joyce, Franz Kafka, Virginia Woolf, Tolstoy and Oscar Wilde. This section is called *Glimpses of Greatness*, and Connolly aptly describes it as "a carillon of memories covering a recurring situation, the Maestro in all his simplicity and wisdom garrulously confronting his treacherous dumb disciple."

Was *Horizon* worthwhile? For himself, Editor Connolly is sure of it: "Editing a magazine is a form of the good life; it is creating when the world is destroying... being given once a month the opportunity to produce a perfect number and every month failing, and just when despair sets in, being presented with one more chance. Plop!"

RECENT & READABLE

A Fable, by William Faulkner. The Nobel Prizewinner unveils a World War I passion play with a corporal as Christ, but veils his deeper meanings except to suggest that "man and his folly... will prevail" (TIME, Aug. 2).

Reach for the Sky, by Paul Brickhill. The heroic story of Douglas Bader, a legless RAF ace who fought in the Battle of Britain, destroyed 22½ enemy planes and kept his German captors busy recapturing him (TIME, Aug. 2).

The Fall of a Titan, by Igor Gouzenko. The powerfully fictionalized decline and death of Maxim Gorki, with sidelights on Soviet man, by the famed ex-code clerk turned novelist (TIME, July 19).

School for Hope, by Michael McLaverty. A quietly lilting story of how a bachelor schoolmaster and a young schoolmarm overcome a jealous sister and a family jinx (TIME, July 5).

The Eternal Smile & Other Stories, by Pär Lagerkvist. A fine collection of stories and fables from the inventive mind of the Swedish Nobel Prizewinner, ranging from childish charm to ghostlike horror (TIME, June 28).

Hackeneller's Ape, by Brigid Brophy. Romance among apes can be very human and very funny, as seen in a young novelist's bright satire (TIME, June 28).

A Child of the Century, by Ben Hecht. A disorganized, windy, often fascinating look in the mirror by a sofie who always made like a toughie (TIME, June 21).

The Victorian Chaise Longue, by Marghanita Laski. A slight but chilling tale about a girl who strayed from the 20th century into the 19th (TIME, June 14).

An English Year, by Nan Fairbrother. An Englishwoman's beautiful reflections on changing nature, growing children and life in general (TIME, June 7).

Madame de Pompadour, by Nancy Mitford. A life of Louis XV's dazzling mistress, done up in rich literary brocade by a fine British writer (TIME, June 7).

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MISCELLANY

Entree. In Quintero, Chile, a cow slipped on a mountainside, plunged through the roof of a hotel below, landed ungarnished in the dining room.

One for the Books. In Chicago, Auditor Chester Calvert quietly left the Sherry Hotel, where he worked, when the C.P.A.s arrived, later accommodatively mailed an itemized list of its cash shortages.

Sentimental Journey. In Pasadena, Calif., suing each other for divorce, Grover T. Kelley and wife Daisy Mae disagreed on 1) the date of their marriage, 2) the place of their marriage, 3) the date of their separation, 4) the year and make of their automobile.

Driver's Manual. In Lake Orion, Mich., after thieves had already taken three hub-caps from Mrs. John MacLeod's car, she found a note on the front seat: "Don't drive too fast because we swiped your oil cap."

Where He Trod. In Columbia, S.C., David Joyner pleaded guilty to a drunkenness charge, had his sentence suspended when he testified that he had been on his way to church at the time.

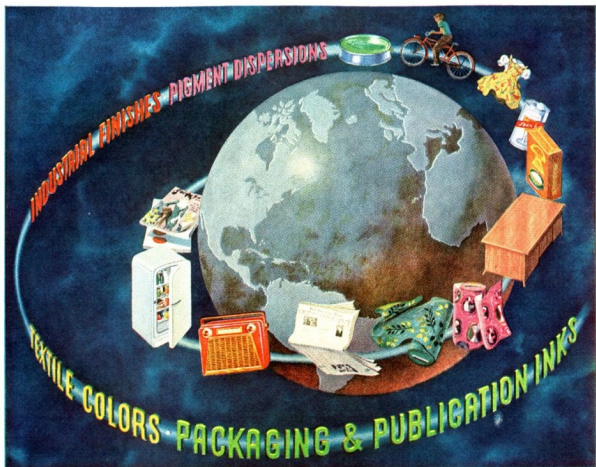
The Long Wait. In Jersey City, after admitting that she had not worked a single day as a clerk in the city's school system since September 1950, though she had collected \$12,000 in salary, Mrs. Carolyn Reidy added: "I would have come to work if anyone had asked me to."

Albatross. In Manitowoc, Wis., three years after losing his wallet, George Massman got it back, along with \$30 and a note: "I have picked many pockets and I have kept the wallets for souvenirs, but ever since I picked yours I have been having bad luck . . ."

Short Order. In Santa Monica, Calif., Mrs. Deloris D. Stack reported that someone had stolen three pairs of silk panties from her clothesline, left a \$1 bill attached with a clothespin.

Border Incident. In Nebraska, campaigning for regent of the state university, Don Pierce put in a busy day tacking up posters, at nightfall found himself two miles inside Wyoming.

Main Go. In Rio Cuarto, Argentina, after a 500-lb. bear had tossed him for three falls, Professional Boxer Francisco Escribano 1) demanded a rematch and threw "Bobo" three times, 2) found that the backers of the event had welshed on his \$140 prize because "the bear always wins and never asks for money," 3) nobly dissuaded outraged circus spectators from burning down the tent, 4) attached the circus' box office for the amount of the prize, 5) stood a chance of becoming Bobo's owner as well as conqueror.



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